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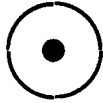
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JUNIOR'S MISSES

By Ralph de Toledano

FOR a man so young, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. has exerted a remarkable influence on the body politic. As ideologue-in-chief of the Stevenson presidential campaign, he was in large part responsible for its Fabian tone and its mocking treatment of the Communist issue. His column for the anti-anti-Communist New York *Post*, modestly headed "History of the Week," reaches hundreds of thousands of readers. As activist and phrasemaker for Americans for Democratic Action, the junior Schlesinger has done much to improve each shining prejudice of this curious and tiresome organization. His presence on forums and at other occasions where the elite meet to bleat is ubiquitous. (He also teaches at Harvard.)

At best and at worst, Schlesinger personifies the liberal conscience which, having descended to ideological adventurism, struggles periodically to justify its hog-wallow of sordid means and muddled ends. In polemic mood, he figuratively

echoes the humorist Walt Kelly's ironic paraphrase, "I may not understand what you say, but I will fight to your death for my right to deny it." It is a sad commentary on the liberal disintegration that these misunderstandings are more frequently willful than not.

No one will fight to deny, however, that this professional young man has a very loud horn. If the notes are sometimes cracked or shrill, if he garbles the score, at least he is on the bandstand of history. (That he can also give a clear and sensitive reading makes his other performances of startling significance.) As a confessed "historian," Schlesinger has learned from Stalin, Goebbels, and Charley Michelson that in the eternal counterpoint of myth and fact, the booming drum carries farther than the reedy oboe. And having pondered the philosophy of LS/MFT, he knows that slogans, repeated frequently and firmly, have more effect than volumes of reasoned argument.

ARMED with these lessons, Schlesinger has become a shrewd practitioner of what George Orwell called "doublethink" — an advanced form of plural and convoluted logic which eventually deceives the deceiver. In true liberal style, Schlesinger lards his utterances with pious assurances of his scrupulous impartiality and veracity. When he squirts bile at anti-Communists — Schlesinger referred to Vice-President Nixon as a "junior G-man" — it is always in the name of anti-Communism. When he plumps for government regimentation, it is always in the name of freedom. When he censures conservatives for the exercise of free speech, it is always in advocacy of the First Amendment. When he falsely accuses, it is always in the name of truth.

In a 1951 column, to cite an instance, Schlesinger took up a favorite gambit of the non-Communist left — the smear of those who testify against the Communist conspiracy. Louis Budenz, he wrote, "obligingly put the finger on practically everyone in sight, identifying as a Communist, for example, a man like John Carter Vincent about whose political affiliations a year ago he had professed ignorance." This charge of perjury had been manufactured out of the whole cloth by Joseph Alsop, a columnist of musk and passion to whose writings Schlesinger is much devoted.

Forgetting his strictures against "character assassination," Schlesinger

er felt no qualms in repeating the libel. The record, which was available to him, showed that Budenz, whose veracity has been frequently upheld by Federal juries, never "professed ignorance" of Vincent's political affiliations. On the contrary, he had clearly stated, during the hearings in question, that he "would prefer not to comment" on Vincent at the time for reasons involving the FBI. Under oath before the Senate Internal Security subcommittee, Alsop was to withdraw the perjury accusation. But Schlesinger remained quiet.

THIS is not an isolated example of Schlesinger's historical method. Less than a month earlier, he had launched a somewhat broader smear, based on a cavalier revision of history, against former President Herbert Hoover. No honorable person had up to that time — or has since then — cast aspersions on Mr. Hoover's integrity. Nevertheless, in a letter to the *New York Times*, the junior Schlesinger charged Mr. Hoover with having condoned government corruption — the Teapot Dome Scandal specifically — during the early 1920's. Mr. Hoover was singled out at this late date because he had upbraided the Truman administration for having clung passionately to the demonstrable guilty or soiled in its higher echelons.

"Far from objecting to official corruption then," Schlesinger wrote,

"Mr. Hoover sat in entire complacency as Secretary of Commerce, while his colleague, the Secretary of the Interior, sought to loot the Government . . . Not only did Mr. Hoover fail to make any public objection to Secretary of the Interior Fall, or to Attorney General Harry Daugherty . . . but . . . eight days after Fall's hasty resignation . . . Hoover wrote him" a warm letter of commendation. These, Schlesinger said calmly, were the "indisputable facts."

These "indisputable facts," as Admiral Lewis Strauss, now chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, pointed out in an answering letter to the *Times*, were strictly of the junior historian's invention. Fall's "hasty" resignation had been publicly announced two months before it became effective. At the time, there was no suspicion that he was involved in any scandal. As a matter of fact, the *New York Times* editorially regretted Fall's departure from the Federal service. Not until months after Fall's resignation were the charges made and the investigation begun which led to the Teapot Dome fraud disclosures. It was, moreover, Mr. Hoover's Attorney General who sent Fall to prison — a fact which Schlesinger failed to pull out of his deep freezer.

SCHLESINGER's motivation in leaping to the defense of Professor Dirk Struik — and in the process suppressing the key facts — is some-

what more obscure. At the time that Struik was *indicted for sedition*, Schlesinger painted a picture of a persecuted teacher and added: "It is hard to see that *his opinions* constitute a danger to anybody. I have never heard of anyone *being influenced* by Struik; my nine-year-old boy could lick him in an argument." [Emphasis added.] Nowhere in his scoldings did Schlesinger point out that Struik was not only a professor of mathematics at M.I.T., but a member of a Communist underground cell of considerable influence in Massachusetts, and an instructor at the Samuel Adams School in Boston — a school which teaches the violent overthrow of the American Government and recruits students for the more advanced Communist academies of subversion.

To what purpose this defense of a Communist by a man who is so careless of the reputations of anti-Communists? To what end this systematic falsification of history by one presumably dedicated to its disciplines? The answer does not lie in any stated or implied charge that the junior Schlesinger is a Communist, a fellow traveler, or a Russia Firster — for he is clearly none of these. When it has suited him, he has effectively opposed both domestic and international Communists. Nor does the answer lie in the implication that he is stupid or misinformed. He was educated at the best schools — Phillips Exeter, Harvard (from which he was graduated

summa cum laude), and Cambridge. It would not be entirely fair to blame it on his associates in ADA, which today is being daintily cuddled by the Communist Party. It might be said that he would not love them half so much, loved he not Arthur more — but this kind of opportunism is only a surface phase of the junior Schlesinger's make-up.

II

Arthur Meier Schlesinger, Jr. is a product of his future. The shifts and turns, the given and withdrawn loyalties, the anti-Communism and the anti-anti-Communism, the strange alliances — all these make sense only when seen in this context. Along with the somewhat soiled figures of the Stevenson brain trust, he is riding a wave of the future which, until the Democratic defeat of 1952, was also a gravy train.

Only someone coasting on this greasy billow could have made such contradictory shifts in position as Schlesinger has fallen into: Truman was "hopeless" in 1946, but the saviour of America in 1949; Eisenhower was liberalism's last best hope before the 1948 convention, but the pawn of black reaction after the convention of 1952; there was "no reason why we can't coexist peacefully with Russia" in 1946, but he blandly favored a get-tough policy in 1948. In 1946, he made the flat statement that George Kennan's "containment" policy "is not a policy of threatening Soviet in-

terests in what has become the settled sphere of Soviet power"; and in 1953, the equally flat statement that the same policy means "the liberation of the areas of Soviet conquest by peaceful methods."

There is only one constant, with its corollary, to be found in the writings and utterances of the junior Schlesinger: belief in, and support for, the "non-Communist left" — which means the socialist, forcible welfare-state left. He was lavish in his praise of Secretary of State James F. Byrnes (whom he detests today as Governor of South Carolina) for throwing U.S. support to the non-Communist left in Europe — a policy which is now costing us dear. And he was equally lavish to Secretary of State George C. Marshall for giving "new positions of authority" to such men as "Charles E. Bohlen [now our ambassador in Moscow] a brilliant student of Russia and a *persuasive champion of the non-Communist left thesis*, who had been discovered years before by Harry Hopkins." [Emphasis added.]

Although he denies it today (he admitted it when it was more fashionable), the junior Schlesinger is a non-doctrinaire socialist. Like other socialists, he believes in the equality of all men except those with an income larger than his own. He spouts hoary anti-capitalist bromides about the Eisenhower administration and the Republicans, referring to the "billion-dollar cabinet" and "plutocrats, profiteers,

and pirates" — rather strange language from an "historian" who was hardly bothered by the tax looting of the U.S. Treasury under Truman. Schlesinger obscures his socialism under a cloud of semantic irrelevancies and a style so fuzzy that it requires block and tackle to dredge up his thoughts. When his socialist espousals are quoted at him, Schlesinger has an answer: "I chose to write as if 'democratic socialism' and the 'mixed economy' were the same."

ON THE face of it, this is sheer intellectual dishonesty — and doubly so since "democratic socialism" and the "mixed economy" are one. For the "mixed economy" starts as a marriage of socialism and capitalism. But like the female praying mantis, socialism devours its mate, as the British and the French are learning. Schlesinger's disclaimer is therefore a flash of unconscious candor — the same kind of candor he demonstrated when, discussing the difficulties of writing current history, he remarked of his *Age of Jackson*, "All the witnesses are dead. There's no one to pop up and say, 'You were wrong — I was there.' " No one, for example, like Admiral Strauss.

The socialism of the junior Schlesinger is most apparent in his theory of the hobbled individual. Schlesinger writes: "The value of the individual . . . can become abstract and sterile; arrogant forms of in-

dividualism sometimes discredit the basic faith in the value of the individual. It is only so far as that insight [into the value of the individual] can achieve a full social dimension, so far as individualism derives freely from the community, that democracy will be immune to the virus of totalitarianism." Divorced from his obscurities of style Schlesinger is simply saying that the individual may be allowed freedom only so long as he does not exercise it significantly. For if individual freedom derives from the community, it exists as a form of charity which can be withdrawn by the community at will.

This is the crux of the socialist philosophy which showers love on the undifferentiated and collective mass, but which is jealously suspicious of individual free will — like Promethean fire, a gift of God and not the tentative grant of society. This is the anti-libertarian tie which binds Schlesinger to the New Dealers, the homeless Marxists, and those pathetic ex-Communists who can not accept the rigors of Soviet dialectics but who still cling to the deeper heresies of historical materialism. Like them, Schlesinger despises the Communists because they are traitors, troublemakers, and competitors. But because he shares with the Communists their basic concepts of God and freedom, he ends up by tacitly defending what he hates. That the hatred is genuine merely serves to emphasize the ambivalence.

Writing for the socialist *New Leader* in 1952, Schlesinger declared that he "explicitly rejected the theory of socialism in the last pages of *The Age of Jackson* (1945)." Only by constricting socialism to the Maximalist doctrines of the early 1900's does this statement even approximate the facts. For in 1947, in an essay on "The Future of Socialism," written for the *Partisan Review*, he was supporting a theory of "democratic socialism" and prophesying that "there seems no inherent obstacle to the gradual advance of socialism in the United States through a series of New Deals."

In 1949, socialism had lost some of its luster among the intellectuals. Schlesinger had not yet found a new name for the sweet-smelling rose, but he was still advocating the "liberal socialist" doctrine that the state "expend its main strength . . . in determining the broad levels and conditions of economic activity" — in short, a left-oriented corporativism. And having described the New Deal in 1947 as a "process of backing into socialism," he affirms in 1952 that he is, in fact, a New Dealer.

BUT it is not necessary to rely on sentences and paragraphs which, Schlesinger will plead, are taken out of context. There is the body of his work, starting with *The Age of Jackson*, the book which catapulted him into fame. Widely acclaimed as a great piece of historical writing —

it had footnotes — chosen by the pro-Communist Book Find Club, and winning him a Pulitzer Prize, it was on a literate level the kind of historical manipulation which made a best seller of Howard Fast — and made Communist heroes of Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln. Though *The Age of Jackson* amazed the unlearned, such sober publications as New York University's *Journal of Economic History* found much of it "sheer romance" which failed "to make proper use of the work of scholars" and suppressed the established evidence when it ran counter to Schlesinger's thesis.

Jackson's battle with the Central Bank of the United States properly took up an important part of Schlesinger's book. But Schlesinger dealt with it in much the same manner as the *Posts*, both Washington and New York, deal with the McCarthy issue. "The landscapes at the Hermitage and Kinderhook smile in a fashion not noticeable where Whigs and Federalists live," the *Journal* remarked. "The Jacksonian leaders have a 'pervading insight,' their wrath is 'magnificent,' one or another of them is 'handsome,' 'grave,' 'masterly,' 'erudite,' 'thoughtful,' 'quiet,' 'intelligent,' 'brilliant,' etc., etc., and the old hero himself is touchingly fond of children. The opposition is a very sorry outfit. They are Bank 'lackeys,' they 'roar' and 'snarl,' they deal in 'hullabaloo,' they are 'phony,' they have 'fantasies,' they work 'back-

stairs,' their best minds are 'opaque,' and one gets the impression that Mr. Schlesinger never thinks of them as loving little children at all . . . He makes the Bank a dim sort of moneyed monstrosity" and misrepresents its function.

It is not very surprising that even after Schlesinger had begun to attack the Communists, the *New Masses* referred to *The Age of Jackson* as a book which "represents a statement of devotion to liberalism in politics," depicting "with the embroidery of formal scholarship a phase of the national struggle against the power of the bankers."

FOR all of its shortcomings — and its obeisance to liberal-leftist stereotypes — *The Age of Jackson* remains Schlesinger's most solid achievement. About a year later it was followed by his bill of divorcement from the "progressive" wing of the non-Communist left — an article on the Communist Party for *Life* magazine. It took some courage, in the Year of Our Lord 1946, for someone in Schlesinger's intellectual and academic milieu to anatomize the Communist Party. There was, moreover, the matter of his family background: the senior Schlesinger is and was a prodigious joiner of Communist fronts; his brother-in-law, Professor John K. Fairbank, was a member in top standing of the pro-Chinese Communist lobby and a close associate of Owen Lattimore.

Based in large part on the research

of a New York *World-Telegram* reporter, the *Life* article was strong enough on such facts as it used. (By sheer coincidence, it failed to examine those Communist fronts which had won the senior Schlesinger's allegiance.) But in weighing the significance of these facts, Schlesinger slipped into a never-never land. He placed the Communist Party, which he had just described as an international conspiracy, in the same category as the Moral Rearmament movement and the Holy Rollers. He found "even freedom-loving Americans" looking "wistfully to Russia" because of the "faults and injustices" of the free enterprise system. And he cautioned against "witch hunts and Un-American Committees."

Though Communist espionage could not be "shrugged off," Schlesinger proceeded to brush it off by urging that it be left to the FBI to handle. By his own later admission, Schlesinger knew how the FBI was stymied in the Hiss case. It was no secret that in at least two important espionage cases (one involving the theft of atomic secrets), the FBI had been prevented by the State Department from making arrests. And as he later conceded, he knew at the time the *Life* article was written that Michael Greenberg, then working in the White House as an assistant to Presidential Aide Lauchlin Currie, was a Communist.

In *The Vital Center*, a book which quickly became the ADA's *Mein*

Kampf, this sharp-sighted myopia continued. Schlesinger continued to berate the Communists for their betrayal of the great revolution, but he was willing to grant them, in 1949, the validity of the "class struggle," one of their basic tenets. "Class conflict is essential if freedom is to be preserved," he wrote. More important in a propaganda context were casual avowals that the Communist regime in Hungary "has done much for the common man" and "based itself on the trade union movement." That anything vaguely analogous to a trade union movement exists in the Communist world is, of course, nonsense. Or he can say, in the face of the Soviet Union's consistent record of genocide and anti-Semitism, that "the USSR stands plausibly . . . for racial equality. The shocking racial cruelties in the United States . . . compare unfavorably with the Soviet nationalities policy."

LATTERLY, Schlesinger has been devoting his efforts to his "History of the Week" column, his share of the loot when Mrs. Dorothy Schiff threw out her fellow-traveling editor-husband, T. O. Thackrey, and made James A. Wechsler his editorial successor on the *New York Post*. It is hard to tell who nourishes on whom, Wechsler or Schlesinger, but the relationship is clearly nutritional.

In his discussions of the foreign field, Schlesinger will sometimes fill

his column with good sense. But for the most part, it is a dreary and all-too-often distorted series of lucubrations on current events—the allegations which are almost but not quite true, the amalgams which link conservatives with crackpots, the defense of the indefensible, the gratuitous smear, the running attack against the ex- and anti-Communist, and the constant deprecation of the Communist threat to the United States.

Examples come easily to hand:

ITEM, Owen Lattimore "was certainly for many years a notorious and unabashed fellow traveler," but "it hardly justifies perjury proceedings founded on trivial lapses of memory" even though under oath he proclaimed himself a constant anti-Communist. And Senator McCarran, whose subcommittee stated that Lattimore was "a conscious articulate instrument of the Communist conspiracy"—a more pointed way of saying what Schlesinger mumbled—is a dirty name for attacking the pro-Chinese Communist lobbyist.

ITEM. "[John Foster] Dulles, it is true, is sanctimonious, slippery, evasive, vain, and intellectually unscrupulous" because, among other reasons, he "called for the admission of Red China into the United Nations in 1950." There is no mention of the fact that Schlesinger and the ADA did precisely the same thing at precisely the same time.

ITEM. "The exposure of Com-

munist infiltration into the United Nations staff continues. In a sense, *little could be more futile* than to insert agents into organizations which already have a full Soviet and satellite participation." There was "no excuse" for allowing "this drift of pro-Soviet American citizens" into the UN, Schlesinger adds—as though no excuse had been made by his heroes in the State Department for something which was not a "drift" but a systematic penetration plotted with the aid of Alger Hiss—but "after all [the little-bit-pregnant theory] *a very small number of Americans working in the UN are implicated* in these disclosures." The whole thing is merely one of "various unpleasantnesses of the past fortnight." [Emphasis added.]

ITEM. "Unless the President-elect [Eisenhower] . . . makes it amply clear that he stands with Truman and Acheson [on Korean policy] the process of unraveling will accelerate." In other words, Schlesinger warns, the President must double-cross those who voted for him in order to get rid of the Truman-Acheson policy which placed Korea outside the defense perimeter of the U.S. and invited the Communist attack.

Schlesinger blithely told his readers that the Yalta agreement had no secret clauses, with the exception of Russia's pledge to enter the Far Eastern conflict after the defeat of Germany. He carried his myth-

making penchant into the American scene on a 1951 Town Meeting of the Air when he asserted: "Mr. Truman, it is sometimes forgotten, initiated the drive against the internal Communist threat. The loyalty program was set up way back in 1947 and Hiss and Coplon were indicted by the Department of Justice long before 1950. The loyalty program was set up, in point of fact, after strong pressure from the 80th Congress which Truman so passionately hated. And Truman fought the prosecution of Alger Hiss tooth and nail, calling the case a "red herring" repeatedly.

On the same program, Schlesinger said, in defense of the Yalta agreements, "Stalin must have had a hard time explaining to the Colonel McCormicks of the Soviet Union when he got back what had happened at Yalta." This assumption, couched in humorous language, that an opposition in Russia could give the dictator "a hard time," drew laughter. But a psychiatrist could have an interesting time with it.

III

This, then, is the picture of Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. This is the "Pundit in Knee Pants," as a wit acidly remarked—the tabloid Walter Lippmann, the crypto-socialist who steers the ADA toboggan as it hurtles leftward.

"There he stands right in the middle, Between Hank Wallace and Frank Biddle,"

wrote Morrie Ryskind. The placement is generous. For the vital center is anatomically no center at all, but lodged somewhere in the region of the kidneys. Politically and economically, it can be located between the clenched-fist collectivist state and the WPA of Harry Hopkins. Schlesinger himself placed it most accurately. "In a more fundamental sense," he asked rhetorically, "does not the center itself represent one extreme."

No one will argue this point. The extreme of the "vital center" has placed all the world—with the exception of the ADA, the ritualistic liberals, and the "progressives"—in a political and intellectual ghetto. Those who will not worship the vital center's extremities are thrust into the ghetto, wearing a yellow badge marked "forces of corruption"—Schlesinger's own phrase for those to the right of his center. It represents a new liberalism which brooks no opposition on pain of smear, calumny, and social ostracism.

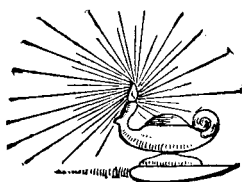
And the result?

It has made of a potential first class citizen a force for political confusion. It has debased the intellectual currency and plunged the best minds of the country into a fruitless and undignified squabble. It has given aid and comfort to the Communists and their concealed allies.

The Soviet Union brandishes a hydrogen bomb; the Far East sinks into a Red tide; the Western world retreats steadily; victory turns into defeat. But Schlesinger and the "vital center," in a mass *trahison des clercs*, scream against those who fight the Communists with no reservations; they raise the false issue of "McCarthyism"; they see an anti-Communist under every bed; and they pontificate, as Schlesinger has, that "Communist ideas or influence present about the same danger as the snowball did to the fires of hell." Schlesinger strikes at the Communists with the flat of his sword; the cutting edge is reserved for the anti-Communists and for those who proclaim, without equivocation, a belief in the individual's sacred right to freedom.

"I did wish to see these people get what they deserved," Thomas Jefferson once wrote of some minor conspirators, "and under the maxim of the law itself . . . that in an encampment expecting daily attack from a powerful enemy self-preservation is paramount to law, I expected that instead of invoking the law to cover traitors, all good citizens would have concurred in securing them."

These words, ironically, were once cited by Schlesinger. The devil, it is true, can quote Scriptures—but we do not expect him to take them to heart.



URANIUM'S NEW HORATIO ALGER

By J. P. McEvoy

WHEN Hollywood gets around to making that colossal 3-D saga of the rugged uranium prospector — “The Great U-Don’t It” — the very last man they will cast for the romantic lead is 33-year-old “Hot Rock” Charlie Steen, the new Horatio Alger of uranium. Slight, balding, wearing thick glasses, Steen looks more like “Mr. Peepers” of TV than like the never-say-die “rock hound” who, single-handed, has ferreted out the richest uranium deposit on this continent.

Only months ago, Steen and his wife and four children were freezing and starving on the wild Colorado Plateau. Under his feet, over his head and all around him, in the desolate canyons and mesas, other prospectors were finding uranium — but not Charlie. Stubbornly he kept on borrowing and burrowing. “I spent ninety per cent of my time raising money and the other ten per cent prospecting — mostly where experts said I was wasting my time.”

Finally, his wife down with pneumonia, his credit for groceries exhausted, and obliged to walk twenty-five miles to town because he had no gasoline, it looked as though Steen was licked. Then he struck “hot rock” — stuff that drove his borrowed Geiger counter crazy.

Today, Atomic Energy Commission experts estimate he has anywhere from ten to 300 million dollars’ worth of ore-bearing uranium and vanadium in his 12 claims (600 x 1500 feet each) near Moab, Utah — 40 air miles west of Grand Junction, Colorado, as Steen careens in his new plane these days over the jagged 13,000-foot La Sal Mountains.

I met Steen all dressed up in store clothes with gold compasses for cuff links. (“I don’t need ’em now — I know where I’m going!”) He was sitting in Sheldon Wimpfen’s office in Grand Junction — headquarters of all AEC uranium buying west of the Mississippi — nonchalantly dis-

cussing the building of a \$2,500,000 mill to process the ore from his mines. Production was running away with him. "I shipped 50 tons last December," he bumbled, "1000 in January, 4000 in May. In some places the ore is 40 feet thick. I've named my mines 'Ike,' 'Mamie,' 'Nixon,' etc. Mamie's averaging half of one per cent U₃O₈ (uranium oxide). She's the best ore we've got, the largest U₃O₈ lode in the U.S.A."

Wimpfen nodded solemn agreement for the AEC.

THE PROSPECT of being the only individual miner in uranium history who could mill his own ore and pocket all the profits — from mine mouth to uranium concentrate delivered in sealed drums to the AEC — intrigued Steen. "You need another mill," he said to Wimpfen. "I hear you have 500 mines now in the Colorado Plateau and production has doubled over last year."

"Could be," said Wimpfen, but I noticed that glazed look which films the official AEC eye when anyone gets too close to classified information, such as how much uranium ore the United States is getting.

Thousands of amateur prospectors plus several hundred trained geologists and mining engineers are now scouring the plateau. Most of this country is so wild and rugged that planes are used for the first look-see. Equipped with Geiger counters and scintillometers, these planes fly the canyon rims as low as 75 feet

above the ground, checking for indications of uranium-bearing ores. When found and pin-pointed, field geologists slog in on foot for more exhaustive studies.

Whether discovered by government agencies or by prospectors like Charlie Steen, all the ore produced is mined by private enterprise. Where public land is involved, as on most of the plateau, the AEC leases it to individuals or companies to mine. The United States is of course the sole customer, buying all the ore at contract prices based on its richness in uranium.

As you drive over this miracle mesa, you see thousands of stakes which mark exploratory drill holes — including red-topped stakes for the AEC that pin-point immediate uranium supplies, and yellow-topped stakes which mark the borings of the U.S. Geological Survey — locating future reserves not commercially practical at the present time. Three million feet of exploratory holes will have been drilled by 1954 — more than half of them by private industry.

I ASKED Charlie Steen, "How did you find your bonanza?"

"I'm no swivel-chair geologist," said Steen. "I've been around since I worked my way through Texas College of Mines ten years ago. First job was down in Bolivia. Field geologist for Patino the Tin King. We didn't agree — and since I couldn't fire him he fired me. Then

I hunted oil in the Amazon jungle for Socony Vacuum. After a while I came back to the States and did the same for Standard Oil of Indiana. One day I told off three of their geologists from the front office. Just my luck, they turned out to be the superintendent, the assistant superintendent, and chief of operations. I can pick 'em! My wife was expecting, too. That didn't help. I've got four kids, now, the youngest three. All seemed to know how to come along when things were toughest.

“BY 1948 I had argued myself out of geology jobs and was taking anything I could get to feed the family. Looked like I was stuck down in Houston when I read in a mining journal in 1950 how amateurs were making fortunes finding uranium. That did it.

“Mother said she'd grubstake me. No one else would. She borrowed money from a loan shark and we headed for Dove Creek, Colorado. Bought a diamond drill and hit some mineralization in the first hole — not too good, but too good to forget. Meanwhile my wife was having a baby and we lived on breakfasts of 'government beef' (illegal deer). Some folks were sorry for us because we had no milk for the new baby and were feeding it weak tea with sugar. But shucks! When babies have diarrhea that's what doctors prescribe, so that wasn't so bad.

“I was getting nowhere — fast. So we pulled out for the Yellow Cat

area in Utah, arriving Christmas Eve. They told me Utah winters were mild. Huh! I drilled two hours a day and spent the rest thawing out our water, food, clothes, and babies. But there was plenty of meat roaming the hills and we were too hungry to look at the calendar to see if it was in season.

“In the spring, Mother had a heart attack and that wiped us out again. I scouted all over trying to raise money, but finally had to pull out and went to Tucson for a millionaire who had a tungsten prospect he wanted me to test on the Papago Indian reservation. I tried to drill it but it was too tough. So I went to work as a carpenter — they were building the guided-missile plant at Tucson — and I did my prospecting week-ends. I found a good copper prospect and another millionaire to back me for a few holes, but he pulled out in the middle, too, and left me flat again. I couldn't even buy coal to keep us warm, so I borrowed it from the railroad.”

“You picked it up along the tracks?”

“Hell, no! I got it where they kept it. I had no time to waste prospecting for coal.

“Two years before this I had staked 12 claims in Utah — on land the AEC had said was 'barren of possibilities' — and when April last year came around I stood to lose 'em unless I went back and did my assessment work. You know, you must do \$100 worth of work each year to

keep title to a claim. We had to sell the trailer to get the money to get back there, we were so broke. We jammed into our little red jeep, me and the wife and four kids, and headed for Utah.

"Out on the claim we lived in a two-room shack, no water — plumbing outside. I dreamed about uranium all night and drilled for it all day, and then my wife got double pneumonia, which cleaned out what we had left. We said: 'This is the end. We can't go on!' And then we hit it! — July 6, 1952 — but we didn't know until three weeks later what we had. I had no Geiger counter. Couldn't afford a luxury like that, but I borrowed one on July 28 and the black stuff I brought up — the first core drill ever drilled in that district — knocked that old Geiger counter silly! I'd finally struck it."

"Then what happened?"

"I took the core samples, but not to the big companies — too cagey for that. I had worked for big companies. I took it to a Texan in the oil business. He sent an engineer out. When the engineer saw my beat-up jeep and two-room shack and the 'government beef' bones, he made such a lousy offer I told him to go to hell. But the Texan kept his word and didn't talk, and just to show you how the cards fall, I've already turned down \$5,000,000 for the property.

"Just to give you an idea, we've hauled out more than a million dollars' worth of ore since the first of

the year. What's more, not one dime of federal, state or local money has gone into this operation. It has been 100 per cent private enterprise. I'm my own man — always been and always will be!"

"One more question: What kept you going in spite of all your disappointments and hardships?"

"I'll confess to you — I was afraid to stop. Once you give up prospecting and go back to the security of even a poor job, it's almost impossible to break away. Even when you know the sad old story that prospectors nearly always get gypped out of their discoveries. But I've held on to control of mine. Lucky, I guess."

LUCKY? An old prospector who has known Steen through the years summed it up: "Charlie Steen's got the damndest streak of pure mule stubbornness I've ever seen. It outcrops all over him. That's why he stuck it out until he made his strike — that's why he's been able to hang on to it, too. Lucky? Hell!"

I asked Sheldon Wimpfen how the Atomic Energy Commission felt about a lone prospector like Charlie Steen locating the country's biggest uranium deposit in competition with government experts and federal funds.

"We're happy about it," he said. "This country needs all the uranium we can get. If it takes more Charlie Steens to find it I just hope we find more Charlie Steens!"

THEY SAID THIS



➤ We of the military will always do what we are told to do. But if this nation is to survive, we must trust the soldier once statesmen fail to preserve the peace. We must recapture the will and the determination to win come what may, once American arms have been committed to the battle. We must reject the councils of fear which strange and alien doctrines are attempting to force upon us. We must proclaim again and again an invincible adherence to the proposition that in war there can be no substitute for victory. *General Douglas MacArthur*

➤ It is almost unbelievable that today American troops are serving in 49 foreign nations. . . . Korea has cost us \$22,000,000,000 in known spending. *Fulton Lewis, Jr.*

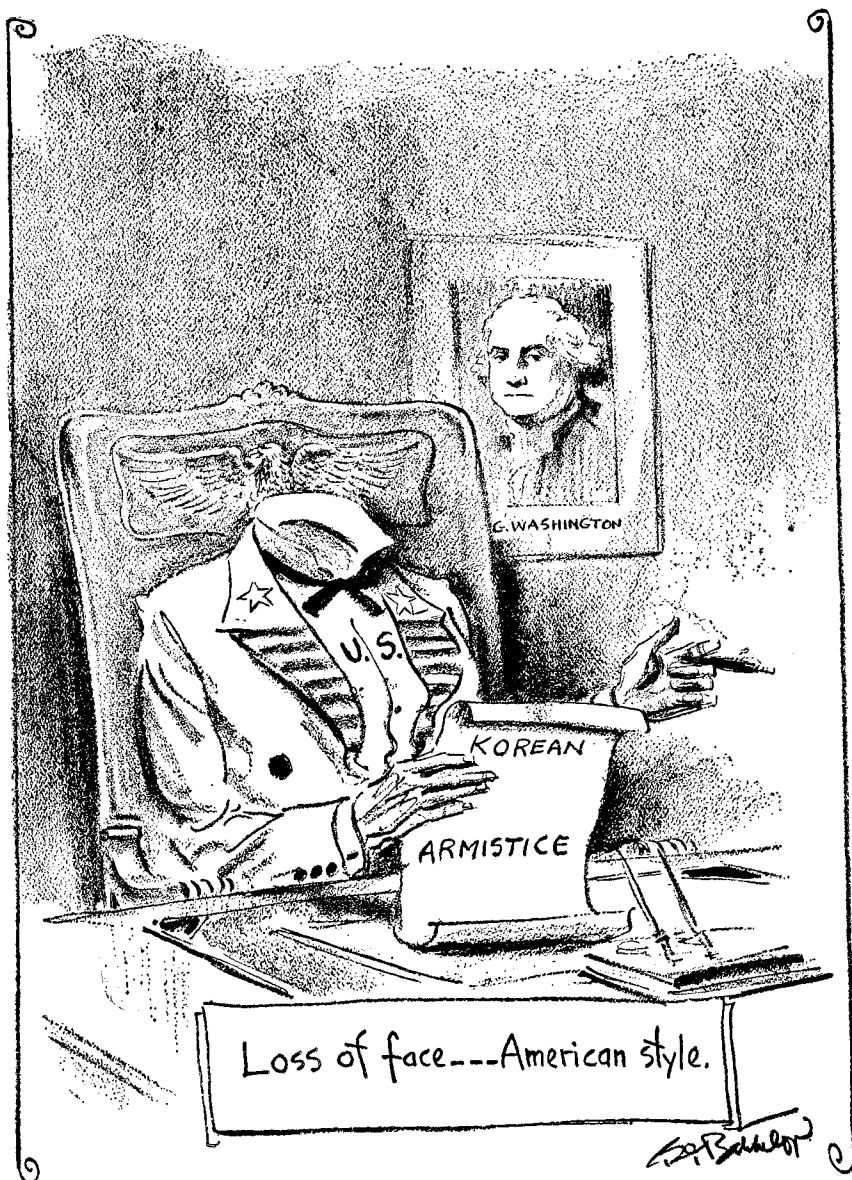
➤ Since the end of World War II, the United States has expended about \$6,900,000,000 in aid of all types (economic, military, and Point Four) to Asia, and about \$28,800,000,000 in aid to Europe.

Hanson W. Baldwin

➤ People react against words of high idealism without corroboration in fact. They do not want grand words. People are tired of charge-throwing in the United Nations, of accusations. In everybody is the desire for the countries to make a constructive approach in the United Nations. *Dag Hammarskjöld*

➤ General Mark Clark follows his predecessors, Generals Douglas MacArthur, Matthew Ridgeway, and James Van Fleet, in telling the American people that the Korean War could have been won had we massed our means, which is a technical way of saying that we did not do the job with all we had available to do it. . . . Men of quality will not stay with a service which deliberately rejects the prospect of winning a war and which permits an enemy to hold Americans as hostages. *George E. Sokolsky*

➤ General Ridgeway issued a warning that if Russia attempted an attack on Western Europe, our allied military forces there would be practically helpless. *John T. Flynn*



Is Confidence Outmoded?

By the Rt. Rev. James P. DeWolfe, S.T.D.

Episcopal Bishop of Long Island

WHAT can we believe these days? Upon what may we rely? What, if anything, will guarantee security? Where may we place our trust, or is confidence hopelessly outmoded?



The tensions which such questions indicate comprise an extensive ingredient of the heritage into which citizens of this country and others have entered in this year of grace, 1953. Personally, I am not yet sixty years of age. And yet within my own lifetime such widespread changes have taken place that the twentieth century is already labeled, "The Age of Revolution," in contrast to the "evolution" which is credited for changes in the two or three centuries which preceded it. These latter changes led to and resulted from two world wars, with a third a far too threatening possibility. The collapse of humanism and its philosophy of inevitable progress has pro-

duced far-reaching cynicism and skepticism among the educated and the uneducated alike. Industrial and economic conditions make their generous

contributions to the tensions shared by every man, woman and child wherever in the world they may live. Science and psychology and religion seem to be at odds mutually; democracy and totalitarianism (Communist and otherwise) are engaged in strife which allows no discharge except conquest or conversion; no sufficient substitute for the extensively rejected Christian ethic has been developed, with the result that personal, civic, and international morals are chaotic. The roster of tension-producing factors could be extended almost indefinitely.

But there is this to be said for tension: tension keeps us alert. Being kept alert is a blessing, not a curse. Those whose aim is "comfortable

convenience" may resent tension, but those who have been subjected to long periods of changelessness endorse wholeheartedly the Prophet's complaint, "How long, O Lord?" Tension puts zest into life; it helps to make men and women of us. It induces us to take sides, to come to decision. Ultimately, our decision settles down to a choice between principle and expediency; between plan and accident; between significant meaning and jumbled chance. Tension brings out single-mindedness in us, and single-mindedness shapes character in the richest connotation of that word. It is commendable to be "open-minded," provided the mind is not kept open at both ends. Tension nurtures conviction, and conviction, despite its exposure to attack as "prejudice" or "bigotry," gives us something to live by, and to live for.

We may trust the experience of the human race as it is preserved in reliable historical records. For instance, the family and the home constitute the basic and primary unit in our social structure. The state in its legislative branch penetrates into the home to protect its life and integrity. The Russian Communistic attack upon the family and the home ignored the long and wrought-out experience of history: monogamy, the evolution of the home, the freedom and the franchise of women, the interests and welfare of children: and the Communist experiment soon caved in. The family and the home,

as the basic unit of society, has the experience of the ages behind it. Just because divorce is currently prevalent, or because some maniac murders his wife, we need not conclude that the institution of the family and the home is on the rocks. It is founded on a "rock" — the rock of experience — which has induced the laws of the state and the moral teachings and Canon Law of the Church to protect it. The family and the home have been under tension for ages, but the home is still here, and will be for ages to come. We may rely upon the experience of history and trust in the stability of the home. Our personal contribution to the welfare of society can be made by the enrichment of our own home life.

WE MAY TRUST, also, recorded experience in regard to the state and democratic freedom. Just because a segment of our electorate shows itself to be malcontent with democratic procedure and disloyal to democratic principles, we need not suppose that the reality, the power, and the stability of democracy are critically affected. Democracy has a tremendous evolution behind it. We must not forget that there is a spiritual fabric in our government, wrought out by the experience and the intellect of successive generations, and gained at the price of martyrdom and self-sacrifice. Democracy is real. Its spirit is beyond the fatal touch of the icono-

clast, the traitor, the leftist or the Communist. Embrace it with faith and serenity, and you will keep your confidence in reality: you will be able with good judgment and poise and dignity to evaluate disloyalties uncovered by investigations and sometimes too sensationally reported in the press and over radio and television. Think carefully. Face the proven facts with the background of confidence in American democracy, tested in the nation's long history.

Human experience of the family and the home and of democratic freedom bears trustworthy witness to a right and necessary acknowledgment of the reality and the activity of God. Currently there is very extensive decline in mankind's universal acknowledgment of God, and in the practice of religion. This is regrettable, and its fruit can be only of the whirlwind category. But this does not dispose of God, nor of the efficacy of the practice of religion. And a straightforward, unbiased survey of reliably recorded human history demonstrates that neither the home nor the state, as we revere them, spring into being magically. Their evolution attests the patient working out of God's purpose for His creation. In this connection the Church lays valid claim to our confidence and trust.

When I speak of the Church I must be understood to refer to that historic institution which traces its life through twenty centuries of human history. Into its stewardship

has been entrusted the extension of the truth and grace which came by Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ is as truly an historical figure as is Plato or Aristotle or Alexander the Great or Abraham Lincoln. The claims the Church makes for Him and upon us command our serious investigation and considered decision. To dispense with these claims by our own negligence is more deadly than to reject them deliberately after due consideration. In the face of current denial of the supernatural, of personal and corporate accountability to the Creator in the Day of Judgment, and of any life awaiting us beyond the grave, what claim other than that made by the Christian Church challenges atheistic totalitarianism; namely, that men and women are to find their salvation in becoming unthinking, obedient, devoted slaves of the state? On the basis of historical evidence, we may well place our confidence in the penetrating truth enunciated by the late Archbishop of Canterbury, William Temple, when he wrote: "The great and profound difference between Christian civilization and the kind of civilization which the Communists are aiming at lies in our affirmation that the primary fact of the world is God, that each individual man is the child of God, that at the root of his being he is a child of God, and that he is a child of God before he is a citizen of any national community." What true American would label that declaration "subversive"?

WE MAY TRUST the Church. The Church, as others have said, is not a museum of saints, but a hospital for sinners. Church membership (on earth) is composed entirely of quite imperfect men and women, although some of them, perhaps many of them, shy away from calling themselves any longer, "miserable sinners." But the Church is of divine creation and maintenance. Just because an ordained minister of the Church develops into an alcoholic, or suffers some other moral failure, we need not suppose that the reality of the Church is shattered. Because a possible three per cent of the clergy (or of the laity, for that matter) of the Church may open themselves to the charge of "subversive activity" does not indicate the collapse of that which cannot be moved or shaken. The gates of hell itself cannot prevail against the Church. Should it be proven factually that there are traitors to the nation in the Church, as traitors they must be treated. A round collar or a black tie cannot be allowed to cover up disloyalty, nor should the Church or the state aid in this. But confidence in the Church is by no means outmoded on the basis that imperfect people belong to it. Rather, those who aim at becoming perfect, but are untrained in the practice of the grace of God, may profitably serve the national welfare by entering the Church.

Finally, we may rely upon the validity of the Christian Ethic. In-

ternational relationships foul up largely because of the moral chaos which has resulted from outright rejection of God or indifferent reaction to the bindingness of his law upon all the peoples of the world. License has been mistaken for freedom too frequently in personal relationships. When we ask people who speak of having "thrown off chains" or "outgrown superstitions," what rule they acknowledge which is "beyond amendment and beyond dispute" as binding upon the human race as a whole, they make no clear response. The truth is that when God's law is rejected, man is left with only his own will, which proves itself to be tyrannical in its arbitrary and capricious self-expression.

The Christian Ethic stems from the God of Righteousness. It maintains the *right* to be right; that the *right* alone is built upon the foundation of truth and justice; and that only righteousness can issue into that peace which is man's beatitude. We may trust the rightness of the Christian Ethic which is summarized briefly, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it; Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." As we apply this ethic personally and corporately, at whatever cost to ourselves, the Psalmist's insight is vindicated: righteousness and peace *do* kiss each other.

DOWN TO EARTH

By
Alan Devoe



AN INSECT SUMMER

THE VIEW of Nature as a Benign Intelligence has been immemorial and substantially universal. It has been held in the varying terms of many different religions, mythologies, poetries and philosophies; but under these differences it has amounted to what used, classically, to be called the universal religion of universal man.

Since our first forefather lifted his shaggy face to the sky and entertained the initial surmises born of love and awe, the number of people who have supposed that no Mind superintends creation, or that the existence of such Mind is an uncertain and unnecessary hypothesis, or that God if existent is less than All-Wise, has been a tiny minority. Its tininess may sometimes be obscured by its vociferousness, for the faithless have a famous compulsion to keep crying, "Look, Ma, no religion!" as loud and often as possible, while the faithful may hold to their opinions in a serene quiet; but tiny it has been and remains.

A recent extensive survey of the mental climate of America these

days reveals that while a good many citizens may not belong to a particular church, and many may never attend formal services, well over ninety per cent hold fast to religious fundamentals. Atom Age men continue as sure of God as was *Anthropus erectus* in the dawn of his considerings. Here lies the creation, as in the beginning (if a little pocked by cities, a little scratched and pinpricked here and there by human enterprises); and men look at these skies and waters, this blooming and withering of flowers, this moil of creatures, and are as sure as ever that these are terms in which Mind is thinking. Nature is still to be spelled with a capital; for over the earth's woods and fields, over the far-flung stars, over all there is, there broods in loving conservancy the Eternal; and it is good.

This elemental religiousness, this sturdy faith that what keeps the seasons on their rounds is Intelligence and what makes the rain fall and the seed sprout is Love, has the indestructibleness, as it were, of an instinct. It is foundationed in im-

mediacies of conviction, so sure that contrary conjectures can scarcely be entertained. It rests in the instantaneity of a First Principle. It has the strength, not of a conclusion, but of native premise.

One may observe, without intending flippancy or irreverence, that God knows it needs it.

For Nature, contemplated with a faithless eye and in a mood of wary misgiving, can easily look like an idiot dance of meaninglessness. Worse, it can look to have a quality almost of crazy malice. It can appear to be all shot through with capricious catastrophe, with senseless evil, as though, beyond the stars, a venomous child were playing. The human spirit falls back, perennially, upon a subliminal "I know" that enables it to confront this with faith. It is as well. Saint Theresa is said to have remarked, in one of her fits of exalted hilarity, that it was small wonder God had so few devoted friends since He treated them so shabbily. Look on Nature without faith, and the shabbiness can appear nearly demonic.

WHEN we speak of "nature," we may think, likely enough, of a cool green forest, a sunny field, a dappled fawn, a bluebird singing. These are refreshing references; and it is a happy thing that they are the sort that come to mind. When we permit ourselves to think of nature in anything like a fuller sense, we have to think also of things im-

measurably dismaying. The brotherhood of creatures contains not just little spotted fawns, not just melodic birds. Tapeworms are also creatures. Lice, rats, bedbugs and bacteria are creatures all. "The sky" — that over-arching blue benevolence — is likewise the vault that unaccountably turns murderously black, hurls hurricanes and twisters, visits impersonal destruction upon the just and the unjust. "Rain," that blessed thing, is also the thing sometimes withheld; so that the land parches in drought and blows away in dust. Look intently at nature whole, with the mind faithless and the heart mistrusting, and it can appear that life and death are random, good and evil are random, and what rules is not merciful wisdom but sinister caprice.

Against this nightmare, the universal certainties of universal religion continually oppose themselves. They needed all their transcendent sureness, in a good many places, this past summer. For Nature had presented herself — the Mind thought — in stunning terms of army worms, webworms, tent caterpillars and cicadas.

Crawling surges of caterpillars stalled trains in several localities, the hordes of hairy little bodies making an impassable sludge under the slipping wheels. Armies of caterpillars, in some places, flowed in rippling engulfment across fields, orchards, pastures, and left the normally fruitful earth bare as a

skull. Shade trees were stripped, forests stripped, gardens stripped, whole stretches of landscapes festooned with webs of caterpillars resistant against the most powerful insecticides. As an accompanying music for all this — a suitably senseless drone, meaningless as the whir of mindless machinery — there had been in many sections the interminable and nearly intolerable *bzzzzz* of cicadas in the dust-whitened summer trees. Nature had been rearing them, as with infinite pains, for seventeen years, in a long hidden infancy under the soil; and then this summer they were loosed in their millions to play their idiot tune.

IT WAS FORCED upon us, this past summer, to take note of how enormously fond, it must seem, Nature is of insects. The Mind delights to think, it looks, in insect-terms. Eternal Intelligence hatches forth insects as with a crooning enthusiasm, cossets and fosters them as with a specially devoted delight. The Creator, on performance, may be taken to love with a great love chinch bugs, weevils, flies, fleas, gnats, and all the rest of a buzzing, creeping, humming, crawling, ravaging horde that embraces more than a million species.

In such a summer as this, our attention was drawn to statistics compiled by the United States Department of Agriculture upon the damage done to our human economy by the insects with which, in the

scheme of Nature, we are set to sharing, in creaturely brotherhood, this planet:

Mosquitoes cost us (in money; there is no reckoning the value of lives) rather more than \$145,000,000 a year. This is not just flying guesswork by the Department. Its expert analysts have carefully determined the components of the price. For example, working-hours lost because of malaria, mosquito-borne, run to a cost of very nearly a hundred million per annum. (Even so obscure an affliction as encephalomyelitis — a horse-disease, mosquito-carried — costs over \$25,000). Dengue fever costs half a million more. Property-value losses, resort losses and the like, caused by mosquito invasion, come to nearly \$25,000,000 annually. For mosquito nettings, mosquito repellents, mosquito-bite anodynes, and such paraphernalia, we have to spend \$5,000,000 a year. We must spend about \$25,000,000 a year for screens. Even if ten millions of this are for fly-protection, fifteen millions are still chargeable to mosquitoes. Tot up the bill and it comes comfortably to almost a hundred and fifty million dollars each year.

Mosquitoes are one species of insect. There are thousands of species, hundreds of thousands, spilling from their Source as coinhabitants with us of this teeming creation. The Department of Agriculture has computed full reckonings on many:

Annual cost of boll weevils, in

round figures, \$121,000,000. Of houseflies, \$66,000,000. Of corn-ear worms, \$98,000,000. Of termites, \$40,000,000. Of cattle grubs, \$65,000,000. Of grasshoppers, \$26,000,000. Of wireworms, \$40,000,000. Of chinch bugs, \$15,000,000. Of clothes moths, \$23,000,000. And so it goes, in sets of statistics involving such immense figures as to become almost unmeaning. Totaling the control-cost and damage-cost of just eighteen of the commonest sorts of insects installed by Nature as brother-creatures to us, the Department presents a figure of eight hundred fourteen million dollars annually.

OVER two thousand years ago in Jerusalem a son of Pethuel, named Joel, composed a blood-chilling account of a locust visitation. It survives for us as the Book of Joel, the Prophet. It is full of as roaring a terror as can be found:

That which the palmerworm hath left hath the locust eaten; and that which the locust hath left hath the cankerworm eaten; and that which the cankerworm hath left hath the caterpillar eaten . . . The field is wasted, the land mourneth; for the corn is wasted: . . . The new wine is dried up, the oil languisheth. . . . The seed is rotten under their clods, the garners are laid desolate, the

barns are broken down; for the corn is withered. . . . How do the beasts groan! the herds of cattle are perplexed, because they have no pasture; yea, the flocks of sheep are made desolate. . . .

The Book of Joel is strong, wild stuff, in the most full-blown manner of the Old Testament prophets. ("Awake, ye drunkards, and weep. . . . Howl, ye ministers of the altar.") Its fundamental intention is understood by Bible scholars to be to "address those under visitations of evil with a call for humility."

By humility, says the mind of old and universal faith, we may know that Wisdom superintends the palmerworm, however inscrutably. By indestructible certainty we may be sure that chinch bugs proceed out of Reason, the grasshopper-horde out of Love.

How do we know? We know. It was only partly in jest, partly in wry piety, that a French entomologist ventured the suggestion that if this faith survives, strong as an instinct, sure as a tropism, the fact is itself perhaps the most imposing argument for what the faith believes. For it is ultimate benevolence, surely, that man is granted, amid all the gnawings of all the cankerworms, this eerie power to retain his confidence.

» Our Lord has written the promise of the resurrection, not in books alone, but in every leaf in spring-time. — *Martin Luther*

Atlas, the Next Generation

By VIRGINIA ROLLER BATDORFF



IT HAS always been the fashion to deplore the manners and morals of each generation. This coming generation will be no exception to the long-established custom.

Augmenting the natural gregariousness of humans, we are intent on encouraging a constant state of sociability in our children under a system of group study and play, and we are appalled because they do not want to think as individuals but must consult with the gang when making decisions.

We give them dollars which they do not earn. We complain because they do not know the value of a dime.

We educate them under a theory which is socialistic in nature because it assumes that learning must be made as painless as possible. We are shocked to find that 125,000 of our boys and girls who reach the age of eighteen each year cannot read or write.

We teach our children that success is the only worth-while goal in life, but we do not define this goal as successful *living*. Yet we are terribly worried because our children are developing such a materialistic viewpoint about *things*.

We encourage them to admire the brilliance of generals but forget to mention that war is stupid.

We impress our young with achievements of people of the past who *did* things, and we cannot understand why they have the vague impression that a philosopher is a man who is essentially lazy and sits around doing nothing.

We insist that our children spend years learning and working toward a definite job or career, but we give little thought to teaching them that before they can become really good doctors, lawyers, bricklayers or chemists they must learn to be good people. We cannot understand why so many of them are making such a botch of marriage and parenthood.

We propagate with little thought to the kind of children we will produce; we are alarmed that the rate of our national intelligence is dwindling yearly.

We worship the modern god called Intelligence and we hate to admit that the next generation will have less intelligence than we because we confused it and then substituted intelligence for a faithful old standby — Wisdom.

MATTHEWS AWARD



◆ The J. B. Matthews Testimonial Dinner Committee announces a cash award of \$500 for the best essay on "Communism and Academic Freedom," written by an undergraduate student of an American college or university.

◆ Essays must be limited to two thousand words or less and submitted not later than February 1, 1954. All manuscripts must be typewritten. *Only original essays will be considered.*

◆ The winner of the award will be announced on March 1, 1954.

◆ Judges of the award will be George E. Sokolsky, Eugene Lyons, Ralph de Toledano, and E. Merrill Root.

◆ Manuscripts should be mailed to the Matthews Award Editor, The American Mercury, 11 East 36th Street, New York 16, New York.

RED INFILTRATION OF THEOLOGICAL SEMINARIES



BY J. B. MATTHEWS



THE 1952 *Yearbook of American Churches*, published by the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the United States of America, informs us that there are 177 Protestant theological seminaries in this country. The most influential of the Protestant clergymen in the United States are trained in these schools.

At least fifty-four of these theological seminaries, or slightly more than thirty percent of them, have been infiltrated by the Communist-front apparatus. These figures are based upon public records of the past twelve years.

Scornful denials of the success of the Communist strategy in penetrating the ranks of Protestant clergymen do not erase the facts. Church leaders would do well to ponder the following expert testimony of Herbert A. Philbrick:

"It is no accident that your church is the number-one target of the Com-

munist conspiracy in America today. The Reds have been flushed from previous cover. For one thing, since the war the Communists have suffered severe setbacks in the field of labor. They have lost control of many unions which they once dominated. Having lost power there, they have sought to gain power in another area — and the churches were selected as the target."

Such was the observation made by Herbert A. Philbrick in the pages of the *Christian Herald* in the spring of 1953. In publishing Philbrick's shocking comment on the current strategy of the Communist conspiracy, the Rev. Daniel A. Poling, editor of the *Christian Herald*, performed an outstanding service for the whole church community of America. It was the sober testimony of a man who knows. It was, as Editor Poling observed, "a story never before revealed of Communist infiltration into America's churches."

For the information of those few

Mercury readers who may not be acquainted with the remarkable career of Herbert A. Philbrick, it should be said that he served his country for nine years as a counter-spy for the FBI in the top ranks of the Communist Party, and at the end of his perilous experience became a key government witness in the trial of the eleven Communist leaders of the "politburo."

In line with what Philbrick wrote about the Communists' "setbacks in the field of labor," the *Daily Worker* of June 22, 1953, exploded with indignation over the failure of "American labor" to join the Communists in the fight to save the Rosenbergs. Said this American journalistic mouthpiece of the Kremlin conspiracy: "THE ONE QUESTION that people everywhere on the globe ponder today as they discuss the horrible suicidal murder, is, 'Where was American Labor?' They demand and should get an answer. They hear . . . of the thousands of clergymen and rabbis who signed petitions to Eisenhower. But where was that powerful American labor movement?"

ANYBODY who is even moderately well informed on the subject of the Communist conspiracy knows that the largest single group supporting the Communist apparatus *today* is composed of Protestant clergymen.

Today's drive of the Communist apparatus in the United States is four-pronged: (1) "The struggle for

peace," as the Communists themselves describe their fake peace offensive; (2) The repeal of the Internal Security Act of 1950; (3) Amnesty for the Smith Act prisoners, together with agitation for the repeal of the Act; and (4) What the Communists call "the new stage of the Rosenberg fight," the first stage having been a tremendous drive for executive clemency.

The front organization is the chief instrumentality by which the Communists hope to achieve success in the four-pronged drive. According to the Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities, "the front organization is Communism's greatest weapon in this country and takes it among the people who would never willingly act as Party agents."

Despite this solemn warning of the Congressional Committee on the sinister character of the Communist-front organization, there persists a widespread misunderstanding of the seriousness of a person's collaborating, in any manner whatsoever, with this apparatus of a deadly conspiracy.

The sponsoring of one Communist-front organization, the signing of one fake peace petition, or the support of an amnesty appeal for imprisoned Communist leaders may seem trivial to the clergyman who is enticed into such limited activities of the Communist apparatus. They are not considered trivial by the Communists. The Rev. Daniel Poling has related an experience which

is highly significant. In 1943, he was recruited into one of those "friendship" front organizations. Seven years later, he received a visit from an agent of the FBI who showed him a sheet on which he was listed by the Soviet Embassy in Washington as an American citizen "to be cultivated." Dr. Poling has never been remotely pro-Communist; but his single action in joining a front resulted in his name being placed on a list where no American would be proud to have his name recorded.

Dr. Poling's frank recital of his experience should be a warning to those thousands of clergymen who lightly assume the responsibility of aiding and abetting *any* of the activities of the Communist apparatus.

Igor Bogolepov, whose career in the foreign office of the Soviet Union covered a period of almost twenty years, is authority for the statement that the name of every American who joins a Communist front, signs a Communist-inspired petition, or otherwise supports a Communist enterprise is catalogued in Moscow. A one-time joiner or a one-time signer is looked upon as somebody who may be enticed a second time and a third time and eventually turned into a full-fledged fellow traveler.

What may seem unimportant to a clergyman whose motives are impeccable is of great importance in the operations of the vast and intricate system of the Communist conspiracy. Clergymen above all others should be aware of the truth of an

adage that a certain road is paved with good intentions.

IN ITS current drive to make the churches of America its number-one target, the Communist Party has given special attention to the penetration of the theological seminaries where the clergymen of tomorrow are being trained. The name of a professor from one of the leading theological seminaries is invaluable for the purposes of the Communist conspiracy.

The extent to which the Communist apparatus has been successful in enlisting the faculty members of theological seminaries in its activities would shock those who know little or nothing about such matters. It is, of course, impossible within the limits of a single magazine article to do more than illustrate by a few examples the Red infiltration of theological schools.

The Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities has labeled the Mid-Century Conference for Peace (May 29-30, 1950) as a part of "the most dangerous hoax ever devised by the international Communist conspiracy." Named on the official program of this gathering were the following professors from theological seminaries: Albert E. Barnett, Garrett Biblical Institute (Methodist); George A. Coe, retired, Union Theological Seminary (undenominational); George Dahl, retired, and Halford E. Luccock, Yale University Divinity School (undenomina-

tional); Purd E. Deitz, Eden Theological Seminary (Evangelical and Reformed); David Dunn and H. Stanley Dunn, Theological Seminary of the Evangelical and Reformed Church; Joseph F. Fletcher, Episcopal Theological School; George Miles Gibson, McCormick Theological Seminary (Presbyterian Church, U.S.A.); Walter M. Horton, Oberlin College Graduate School of Theology (undenominational); Walter G. Muelder, Dean, Boston University School of Theology (Methodist); Frank M. Reid, Dickerson Theological Seminary (African Methodist Episcopal Church); John B. Thompson, University of Chicago Divinity School (American Baptist Convention); and Everett C. Herrick, President emeritus, Andover Newton Theological School (American Baptist Convention and Congregational Christian churches).

It is not important, for the purposes of Communist propaganda, that some of these theologians have retired, some have moved, and some may by this time be deceased. Not only their names but the names of their seminaries were exploited by the Communists. Some of these theological professors are anti-Communist, some are anti-anti-Communist, and some are decidedly pro-Communist. All of these considerations are beside the point, the sole point being that their names were used in public documents to aid and abet the purposes of the Communist conspiracy.

One of the fake devices in the Communists' "struggle for peace" was known as the "World Peace Appeal." The Peace Information Center, a Communist outfit, claimed the following theological seminary professors as signers of the "World Peace Appeal": George A. Coe, retired, Union Theological Seminary; H. Stanley Dunn, Theological Seminary of the Evangelical and Reformed Church; Joseph F. Fletcher, Episcopal Theological School; George Miles Gibson, McCormick Theological Seminary; Ralph W. Riley, President, American Baptist Theological Seminary; Harry F. Ward, retired, Union Theological Seminary; and James D. Wyker, Bible College of Missouri (Disciples).

THE St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* of October 23, 1951, carried an advertisement which was an open "letter" to Attorney General McGrath in defense of the Civil Rights Congress, a Communist organization which has been exposed again and again. Among the signers of this pro-Communist "open letter" were the following: George A. Coe, retired, Union Theological Seminary; Joseph F. Fletcher, Episcopal Theological School; Paul Lehmann, Princeton Theological Seminary (Presbyterian Church, U.S.A.); and James D. Wyker, Bible College of Missouri.

On January 30-31, 1953, the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee staged a conference whose forum sessions were held in the First Presby-

terian Church, in New York City. Well in advance of the affair, a group of liberals headed by Prof. George Counts branded the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee as a Communist front. The names of the following theological professors appeared on the program as sponsors: Paul Lehmann and John A. Mackay, Princeton Theological Seminary; Edwin McNeill Poteat, retired, Colgate-Rochester Divinity School (American Baptist Convention); and Paul Scherer, Union Theological Seminary. Of the forty-one sponsors of this pro-Communist conference, seventeen were Protestant clergymen who made up, by far, the largest single group of supporters.

The most notorious of all the pro-Soviet clergymen in the world is the Very Reverend Hewlett Johnson, the "Red Dean of Canterbury." When the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, branded as Communist and subversive by the Attorney General, arranged an American speaking tour for this blatant pro-Soviet apologist, the following theological seminary professors sponsored the tour, according to the publicity of the Communist front: James Luther Adams, Meadville Theological School (Unitarian); Albert E. Barnett, Garrett Biblical Institute; George Dahl, Fleming James, Sr., and Halford E. Luccock, Yale University Divinity School; Joseph F. Fletcher, Episcopal Theological School; Walter G. Muelder, Dean, Boston University School of Theol-

ogy; Robert Hastings Nichols, Union Theological Seminary; Joseph G. Moore, Seabury-Western Theological Seminary (Protestant Episcopal); and John B. Thompson, University of Chicago Divinity School. It would be difficult for a theological seminary professor to get more deeply involved in the operations of the Communist conspiracy than to sponsor this religious fraud, the Dean of Canterbury, upon the American public.

FEW CAMPAIGNS in the history of American Communism have been pushed more aggressively than the campaign to obtain executive clemency for the Communist traitors, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. In this campaign, the Communists boasted the support of the following theological seminary professors: Bernard M. Loomer, Dean, University of Chicago Divinity School; Wayne R. Jones and Walter G. Muelder, Boston University School of Theology; John Oliver Nelson, H. Richard Niebuhr, and Roland H. Bainton, Yale University Divinity School; Paul Scherer, Robert Hastings Nichols, and Arthur L. Swift, Jr., Union Theological Seminary; Irven Paul, Hartford Seminary Foundation (interdenominational); and James Luther Adams, Meadville Theological School.

On January 13, 1953, the Rev. Edward D. McGowan, a Methodist preacher who is a close collaborator with the Communist apparatus, released an amnesty appeal for the

eleven Communist Party leaders who were convicted under the Smith Act. McGowan's appeal for leniency for the Communists was purportedly signed by Protestant clergymen exclusively, including the following professors from theological seminaries: Albert Terrill Rasmussen and Wilbur E. Saunders, Colgate-Rochester Divinity School; J. H. Satterwhite, Dean, Hood Theological Seminary (African Methodist Episcopal Zion); Massey H. Shepherd, Jr. and Joseph F. Fletcher, Episcopal Theological School; John Oliver Nelson and Fleming James, Sr., Yale University Divinity School; and LeRoy E. Wright, Yankton College School of Theology (Congregational Christian).

On January 19, 1951, the Communist-front organization which has been agitating for the repeal of the Internal Security Act of 1950 released an "open letter" signed by the following professors from theological seminaries: Rufus D. Bowman, Bethany Biblical Seminary (Church of the Brethren); Earl Cranston, University of Southern California School of Religion (Methodist); Walter S. Davison, Auburn Theological Seminary (Presbyterian Church, U.S.A.); Joseph F. Fletcher, Episcopal Theological School; Chester L. Guinn, Garrett Biblical Institute; Everett C. Herrick, President emeritus, An-

dover Newton Theological School; Fleming James, Sr., Yale University Divinity School; Walter G. Muellder, Boston University School of Theology; Arthur L. Swift, Jr., Paul Tillich, and Harry F. Ward, Union Theological Seminary; John B. Thompson, University of Chicago Divinity School; John A. Mackay, Princeton Theological Seminary; W. Russell Bowie, Protestant Episcopal Theological Seminary in Virginia; and James D. Wyker, Bible College of Missouri.

These lists of theological seminary professors who have *currently* aided and abetted the Communist-front apparatus could be recorded indefinitely. What they mean is that the Communists have been successful not only in enlisting several thousand Protestant clergymen in support of their objectives but also hundreds of those clergymen who are the teachers of tomorrow's ministers of religion. Many of these teachers bear distinguished and influential names in the world of theology.

The Kremlin has done its work well. Let those, who will, enter their scornful denials. The facts speak louder than the mealy-mouthed demagogues who believe, mistakenly, that they win the votes of the religious community by defying the record.



★ *A Capital*

SUGGESTION

• BY GORDON F. SHEA •

TO ALMOST all of us, from the very first, it was apparent that Murph wouldn't last.

Before his first day was over, Murph had suggested keeping only one file copy of all directives and embarrassed the chief clerk by asking him why he insisted on keeping three copies. Of course the poor fellow had forgotten why, having done this work automatically for over forty years.

The next day Murph used the personal pronoun instead of "It is the opinion of this office that," in a formal letter.

By the third day he had gone so far as to suggest discarding some obsolete memorandums. Yes, from the very first it was apparent that there was no place in government for this type of person.

And yet this hulking Irishman was bright enough, at least so the Supervisor thought, to develop in time into a true career man.

Murphy began as a Junior Administrator in charge of the Records Control Unit. Within a month he was well acquainted with his work, but he began a disturbing campaign to simplify the various

report and order forms. This caused no end of consternation. The Chief Clerk's well-justified complaint, for example, was that the x90 forms had been adequate without change since the days of William Howard Taft.

The Supervisor, of course, was bothered by all this fuss, but he overlooked Murph's faults; that is, until the day of the job survey.

One of Murph's assistants, Miss Cornpopper, had resigned, and her position had not been filled for several weeks. When the Super heard Murph tell the job analysts that his staff was adequate and he didn't need a replacement, the old man came close to having a stroke.

He rallied, however, and did a masterful job of convincing the analysts that they really needed four extra people and that Murph was confused.

But Murph was not a man to give up. He soon developed a pet peeve. There were two men in the outer office who were trying to get rich on the agency's suggestion plan. They spent a considerable portion of each day observing the work of others, and the remainder of their time writing up formal suggestions

for different ways of doing things. The language of these suggestions was devious and expansive so the Super never quite understood them, but he went along with most of them, and was proud of his "boys."

At first Murph went along with the boys and even tried to help them, until he discovered a curious thing. Four alternate suggestions had been raised by the boys for a new filing method adaptable to the Records Control Unit. Murph agreed with the boys on their order of value, ranging from the best to the worst, but several weeks later, Murph discovered that the least usable suggestion had been submitted. The boys defended their action by stating that since they had developed all four of them, if the least practical one was approved, they could later submit increasingly better ones, and receive credit for the improvements.

THE Super's domain was a vast one, and no one could truly expect him to keep an eye on everything. Now it is the function of the whole office to receive, control, classify, record, index, cross-index, and file reports of various kinds. Once filed, these reports were seldom, if ever, used again, but their existence justified the utilization of many files, and as we all know, the more files a man controls, the more important a man is (at least, in Washington), and the Super was a very important man.

Murph had a vital role in all of this as head of the Control Unit, and should have been satisfied, but he wasn't. He soon set two of his file clerks at work writing in two large books. "Just trying an experiment," Murph explained, and that seemed to satisfy everyone.

This situation could have persisted indefinitely, had it not been for Oscar — a pet mouse who dwelt among the file cabinets.

The Super, when sufficiently provoked, would launch a mouse-hunting campaign. It was May 7th when the Super finally caught up with Oscar. We will all remember that dreadful day. The Super trapped Oscar in a filing cabinet and was busy pulling out drawers, when suddenly it struck him — they were empty!

Dazed, he turned. "What happened to the 1888 file?"

Murph, bright-eyed, and with a smile, answered in a cheery tone, "Everything from the founding date of 1873 until 1911, has been condensed, in these three books. We hope to bring it up to date by June. Using order 179w03, dated 1898, and never rescinded, as my authority, I've destroyed all the out-dated records."

Everyone else in the room ducked for cover. A split second was necessary for the build-up. The Super made a few feeble gestures, then erupted.

When the police arrived, Murph was seated quietly at his desk listing his reasons for resigning.

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TOO MANY colonels and not enough regiments? Whatever the ratio of colonels to regiments, or to other ranks in the Army, the United States has some 20,000 colonels who never saw the Army.

This is still the land of opportunity. Americans without military or naval ambitions may aspire to honorary knighthoods, ambassadorships, and railroad vice presidencies.

I'm a colonel — but it don't really mean nothing much."

A private irritation of such honorary officers is that ordinary citizens are unaware of their significance. Take honorary colonels, for example. Most people think the title of colonel is strictly a rank in the U. S. Army, or a mere term of affectionate respect lightly used when addressing a dignified old gentleman. Indeed, one of the definitions of colonel in the unabridged dictionary is "a title of courtesy given to any prominent citizen. Southern U. S." Every auctioneer, north and south, usurps the title and adds further to the confusion.

But honorary colonels, and other officers commissioned by state governors, receive ornate certificates

with beribboned seals and flourishing gubernatorial signatures.

Kentucky Colonels, in addition to a gubernatorial commission, receive an ornate membership card in the Honorable Order of Kentucky Colonels with "colonel" in large, embossed gold letters.

A new membership card in the Order comes to each Kentucky Colonel every year, whether or not he contributes to any of the Order's charitable activities, and he receives an annual invitation to the Derby Eve banquet in honor of "the Commander-in-Chief," the governor of Kentucky, held in Louisville.

THE Kentucky Colonels are the best known honorary military officers in the nation. Among them are Don Ameche, Sherman Billingsley, Eddie Cantor, Bob Considine, Jack Dempsey, Morton Downey, Irene Dunne, James A. Farley, Greer Garson, Henry Ford II, Arthur Godfrey, J. Edgar Hoover, Ken Murray, Drew Pearson, Mary Pickford, Eddie Rickenbacker, Roy Rogers, Sophie Tucker, Fred Astaire, Mae West and "Colonel" Jonathan M. Wainwright.

Kentucky probably accounts for three-fourths of the nation's honorary military officers. One estimate had it that there were 17,000 Kentucky Colonels in 1944. Governor Ruby Laffoon, chief executive of the Blue Grass State in the 1930's, created more than 10,000 colonels.

Governors of two states have dis-

continued issuing honorary colonelcies. "When I became governor, I determined that during my term I would not grant such honorary titles and no colonel has been appointed by me," Governor James F. Byrnes of South Carolina wrote me. He added that he had no idea how many colonels had been appointed by his predecessors.

Governor Dan McCarty of Florida has issued none of the lieutenant-colonel commissions which former Governor Fuller Warren (1949-53) distributed liberally.

Honorary military and naval titles are now being issued by the governors of the following eight states:

Kentucky — colonels, a few generals; and, occasionally, Kentucky Commodores (Christopher Morley, for one) and admirals.

Texas — colonels; admirals and lesser ranks in the Texas Navy. Honorary Texas Rangers (Shirley Temple was one) are no longer created.

Georgia — lieutenant colonels with a full colonel as the governor's chief of staff; rear admirals, commodores and commanders; and a Fleet Admiral of the Georgia Navy.

Mississippi — colonels.

Louisiana — colonels.

Oklahoma — colonels and commodores.

Missouri — colonels. The 170 colonels on the staff of out-going Governor Forrest Smith bought him a \$4,500 car as a going-away present.

Nebraska — admirals.

Why are so many people commissioned honorary officers by governors? The reasons, evidently, include being a political supporter of the governor, rendering some suitable service to the state, being a prominent resident of the state or prominent visitor, or any of a dozen other qualifications.

Arthur L. Brown of Columbus, Ohio, became a commodore in the Oklahoma Navy because, as operator of an ornamental iron fence factory, he withdrew his low bid of \$5,000 on the job of putting a fence around the Will Rogers memorial and offered to do it as a labor of love for free.

Admirals in the Nebraska Navy include President Dwight D. Eisenhower, Francis Cardinal Spellman, Dinah Shore, Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia — and Anis Azer, commissioned while Egyptian Minister to Greece. The Nebraska Navy was founded by Theodore W. Metcalfe while he was lieutenant-governor in 1931–33, and he continues as Chief Admiral with incumbent governors as commanders-in-chief.

When Robert B. Anderson recently became Secretary of the Navy he told reporters that his nautical experience included a ten-mile trip to sea in a small fishing boat and his rank as an admiral in the Texas Navy. Eva Gabor is another Texas admiral.

Texas also extends honorary citizenship to out-of-staters, and North Carolina issues an Honorary Tarheel

Commission to “friends from out-of-state who have visited North Carolina frequently and contributed real service to our common welfare,” according to E. L. Rankin, Jr., private secretary to Governor William B. Umstead. Most of the Tarheel recipients have been photographers, writers and artists. Among the honorary Texans are Pat O’Brien (also a Kentucky Colonel), and Erle Stanley Gardner.

Arizona issues “ambassador of good will” commissions, and Colorado has ambassador-at-large certificates. “There is some possibility that the governor will establish some type of an honorary title that will be used on a permanent basis,” says Mark Kramer, secretary to the governor of Colorado.

Indiana governors since 1946 have been creating occasional Sagamores of the Wabash. Former Kentucky Governor Simeon Willis was the first man to be made an honorary Indiana Indian chief, and the late Senator Robert A. Taft was the second to become a Sagamore.

WITHOUT any state status, but just as honorary as any others, are the 3,700 colonels of the Confederate Air Force. The CAF has headquarters at Vicksburg, Miss., home of its five-star commander, General Andrew J. Triche — a sort of Stonewall Jackson of the Jet Age. Formed in June, 1950, the CAF is dedicated to the promotion of international aviation. Most of its

members are directly or indirectly interested in aviation.

The CAF's full legal title is the Confederate Air Force of Planet Earth, Inc. This is to differentiate from other CAF's which General Triche refers to as "insurgent groups."

Among members of General Triche's CAF are Arthur Godfrey, Spike Jones and Guy Lombardo. Recalling his meeting with General of the Army Douglas MacArthur, General Triche says: "We couldn't do much for him, because he was already a five-star general—so we made his son, little Arthur MacArthur, a colonel."

Then there is Colonel Elliott White Springs, president of the Springs Cotton Mills at Lancaster, South Carolina. Colonel Springs names people honorary vice presidents of his Lancaster and Chester Railway Co. The railroad has more vice presidents than it is miles long. Among honorary veeps of the 29-mile railroad, used to carry mill materials, are Fleet Admiral William F. (Bull) Halsey, Lucius Beebe and Gypsy Rose Lee. Long considered something of an expert at unveiling, Miss Lee officiated at the unveiling of the railroad's new station a couple of years ago. Lowell Thomas is the railroad's press agent.

"It's not so long as some railroads, but just as wide as any," Colonel Springs says.

KNIGHTHOOD is still in flower at Portland, Oregon, home of the Royal Rosarians. Co-sponsors of Portland's annual Rose Festival, uniformed Royal Rosarians are honor guards at the Rose Queen's coronation and escort the queen and her court during the festival.

Rosarians knight distinguished visitors to Portland in elaborate ceremonies. They have knighted Jimmy Stewart, Kay Kyser and Guy Kibbee. Back in 1926 they made John Philip Sousa a "Sir."

Formed in 1912, the Rosarians are Portland's ambassadors of good will, with such impressive titles as Prime Minister, Lord High Chancellor and Secretary of State—not to mention the Dukes of the Realm.

The hankering for high-sounding titles is not new in our history. Baron de Kalb of Revolutionary War fame was not really a baron at all, although his assumed title has stuck in many of our histories.

If a bogus baron of the Revolution made the history books, why shouldn't the honorary colonels of today cherish hopes of recognition—at least in their hometown telephone directories?

» When I retired from the Rebel army in '61 I retired upon Louisiana in good order; at least in good enough order for a person who had not yet learned how to retreat according to the rules of war, and had to trust to native genius.

—Mark Twain

THE CLASS STRUGGLE



IN SUBURBIA

By Howard Rushmore

ONE of the last places the specter of Communism would ordinarily be expected to haunt is Scarsdale, the gold-plated core of New York's smartest suburb, Westchester County. Yet the Battle of Scarsdale has resulted in everything except street barricades and guerrilla warfare. Here, as in similar communities from coast to coast, the Kremlin's "class struggle" seems somehow to find rich nourishment where the Cadillacs run hub-to-hub and the swimming pools are long and deep.

Otto E. Dohrenwend, the man who fired the shot that is still echoing around Westchester County, is a well-barbered, custom-suited, brief-cased commuter who maintains an office at One Wall Street, deep in the heart of capitalism.

His opponents in Scarsdale, likewise, are greeted by the Treasury Department with open arms on March Fifteenth. They are solid corporation lawyers, business executives, and editors — all of them well entrenched in those income brackets usually farthest removed from the class struggle.

Yet the conservative character of

this community of 14,000 persons, situated twenty miles from New York, has had no softening effect at all on the tough issue involved in the Otto Dohrenwend controversy: namely, Should books by Communist authors be allowed in the public schools, and should the schools properly be used by speakers with a decided list to the Left, to harangue students and adults alike?

Dohrenwend's participation in a Federal grand jury investigation of a Communist entrenched in the Federal Government led to the whole shooting match. While a member of the jury panel in 1947, the bespectacled, mild-mannered Wall Streeter heard some startling facts about the Communist conspiracy. He started boning up on the theory and practice of Communism and discovered what he thought were seeds of treason, planted right in the middle of Scarsdale's highly taxed real estate.

Although Dohrenwend didn't know it at the time, Louis F. Budenz, the former Communist regarded by the Justice Department as one of its most reliable witnesses,

had been ordered in 1944 to become leader of the Westchester County Red apparatus. "The plan," Budenz has said, "was the invasion of the Westchester County mind, especially in exclusive circles. People of wealth in the party . . . were given the responsibility of working out relationships which would plant the Communists firmly in Scarsdale, Larchmont, and Bronxville. Where actual Communist converts could not be made, friendly associations were to be initiated which would permit concealed Communists to speak before community organizations . . . pro-Communist books were to be plugged at informal dinner parties, in women's clubs, study groups, and educational institutions."

WITHOUT knowing this conspiracy had been plotted three years before, Otto Dohrenwend started putting pieces together and came up with some information that scared him and a few other taxpayers, but left most of the Scarsdale community shrugging their shoulders.

He found that Paul Draper, probably the most airy thespian ever to dance for Henry Wallace, had spoken at a meeting in Scarsdale. (The same Draper in another exclusive community, Greenwich, Connecticut, later sued Mrs. Hester McCollough for libel for calling him pro-Communist and received the support of many of Greenwich's

well-to-do but gullible "liberals."

Dohrenwend nosed around in the high school and found there books by Howard Fast, Anna Louise Strong, and a flock of other writers whose typewriters have clacked loudly and long on the Communist Party's literary front. He also found that the Scarsdale Teachers Association had booked Vera Micheles Dean as a lecturer. She was the same woman whose name was later to figure in the Senate's probe of the Institute of Pacific Relations.

"When I first started all this, I was as naïve as the next fellow on the subject," Dohrenwend admits. "But the Congressional reports I was collecting gave me a lot of convincing evidence about these writers and I simply didn't think such books should be used in our schools."

From such simple thoughts, the battle of Scarsdale grew. It didn't flare up immediately. Otto's fellow Republicans (the county normally votes GOP four-to-one) listened politely to Dohrenwend's warnings and concealed their yawns behind the *Wall Street Journal*. The school superintendent fluttered a bit at Dohrenwend's warnings and accepted without enthusiasm a year's subscription to the weekly anti-Communist newsletter *Counterattack*, which Dohrenwend insisted he read. However, Scarsdale went its prosperous way until 1949, when Dohrenwend organized his anti-Communist campaign.

HE FOUND a few souls who shared his misgivings and set up the Committee of Ten, which later expanded into the Scarsdale Citizens' Committee. The organization included two Protestant ministers, Jewish businessmen, a Fordham University and a Hunter College professor, and other residents of the community. "I was careful to make our group non-sectarian," Dohrenwend said. "I'm a Catholic and I knew that the opposition would claim I was carrying out a Catholic plot." As time went on and the battle flared, Dohrenwend says the committee was the target of just such under-cover attacks.

When the committee started its formal protests to the Board of Education, things started getting rough. The Rev. August W. Brustat, pastor of the Trinity Lutheran Church in Scarsdale and one of the committee's most active members, says: "Our evidence wasn't hearsay, but Congressional reports, sworn testimony, and first-hand knowledge of ex-Communists whose word has been accepted many times over by the Government."

As the committee hurled fresh charges, the defense rallied. Whether it was mobilized by the Communist Party has not been proved.

At any rate, the now-familiar pattern developed in Scarsdale: a determined effort to discredit and smear the anti-Communists while neglecting the basic issue of Communism itself as reflected by 150

books in the high-school shelves. Dohrenwend and his committee found themselves on the defensive and wasting time denying charges of a Papal plot, an anti-Semitic campaign, and creeping fascism. Ridiculous as it sounds, these charges against the committee were broadcast in polite undertones from one end of Scarsdale to the other.

On October, 1949, a group of 81 residents of the community signed a letter affirming confidence in the school and its teachers while taking a dim view of Dohrenwend's efforts to expose the books by Communist authors. The signers of this letter included Charles E. Wilson, former president of General Electric; John M. Hancock of Lehman Brothers; Alexander Humphreys, Jr. of U. S. Rubber; and other business leaders.

DOHRENWEND says that Wilson later "admitted to me that he had unwittingly granted permission for the use of his name without reading what he was signing. A business executive had phoned him saying that there were some Catholics who were trying to run the schools and were dictating what books to use." The Citizens' Committee, which has among its members the Lutheran Mr. Brustat and J. Anthony Marcus, a Jewish businessman, angrily denied that "book burning" was afoot and disclaimed any effort to destroy the Scarsdale school system.

In 1950, after vainly appealing to the Board of Education to take action, the committee were told that they were not to be given any more time in open hearings to present their charges. Such complaints would have to be made in writing.

THE committee didn't halt its efforts. When Bernard F. Riess of Hunter College lectured Scarsdale high-school students in January 1952, Dohrenwend and his group protested, only to have their complaint ignored by school authorities who defended Riess's appearance. This same professor a few months later appeared before a Senate subcommittee and refused to answer if he was a Communist, and was fired by his college. Pearl Primus, whose passport was later picked up by the State Department, also appeared at the high school; and so did Louis Dolivent, the United Nations editor who has been denied re-entry to the United States on security grounds. The committee also challenged the wisdom of inviting these two as Scarsdale guests, and were again rebuffed.

In addition to protesting the use of the books by Fast and Anna Louise Strong, the Citizens' Committee revealed that such authors as Herbert Aptheker, Lillian Hellman, Dorothy Parker, Owen Lattimore, Kate Mitchell, George Seldes, Corliss Lamont, W. E. B. Du Bois, Shirley Graham, Carey McWilliams,

Arthur Miller, Annalee Jacoby, and twenty more were represented in the school library. Any casual reader of Congressional reports will recognize these well-identified names, but apparently the Scarsdale school board did not choose to accept the findings of the House and Senate on these matters. The State Department has ordered books by some of these writers taken off the shelves of overseas libraries, but so far it hasn't happened in Scarsdale.

In April, 1953, the Town Club of Scarsdale, a non-partisan group which runs the community's civic and political life, issued a lengthy report which in effect told Dohrenwend and his committee to jump in the Hudson River, and denied that Scarsdale or its schools were in any way affected by the class struggle, which the Town Club apparently expected to halt automatically at Westchester's border.

Yet Dohrenwend, the Reverend Mr. Brustat, and other members of the minority believe the cause is by no means lost, and they even chalk up minor victories. One of the committee gave the high school \$150 for the purchase of anti-Communist books.

Guest lectures and required reading texts are more carefully screened now. There is no evidence of "hysteria" except by a few unreconstructed professional liberals; and by and large the community has received a few lessons in the need for vigilance.

Sign of a Sinner

By Jerry Klein

THE dollar sign, \$, is written thousands of times a day, and each time it's a reminder of a criminal who had, as Joseph Fattorusso wrote in *Wonders of Italy*, all "the vices of a barbarian."

He was Sigismondo Malatesta, member of a wealthy Italian ruling family. In the fifteenth century, his family governed the Italian cities of Rimini, Fano and Cesena. For centuries the Malatestas ruled like tyrants, and Sigismondo was perhaps the worst of the race.

In some ways, Sigismondo showed good traits. He was a daring soldier, and he gave great encouragement to the budding artists of the Italian Renaissance.

But in other ways, Sigismondo lived without fear of God or man. For example, he ripped precious marbles off the walls of the Church of Saint Appolinare in Ravenna.

"To enumerate the crimes which he committed would violate the rules of decency; he committed outrages on his children and killed three wives in succession," continued Fattorusso.

Although Malatesta apparently couldn't find himself a satisfactory wife, for years he cherished a mistress named Isotta degli Atti. He must have loved her truly, for this murderer and robber even wrote poems to Isotta. And his affection for this

mistress eventually gave us our dollar sign.

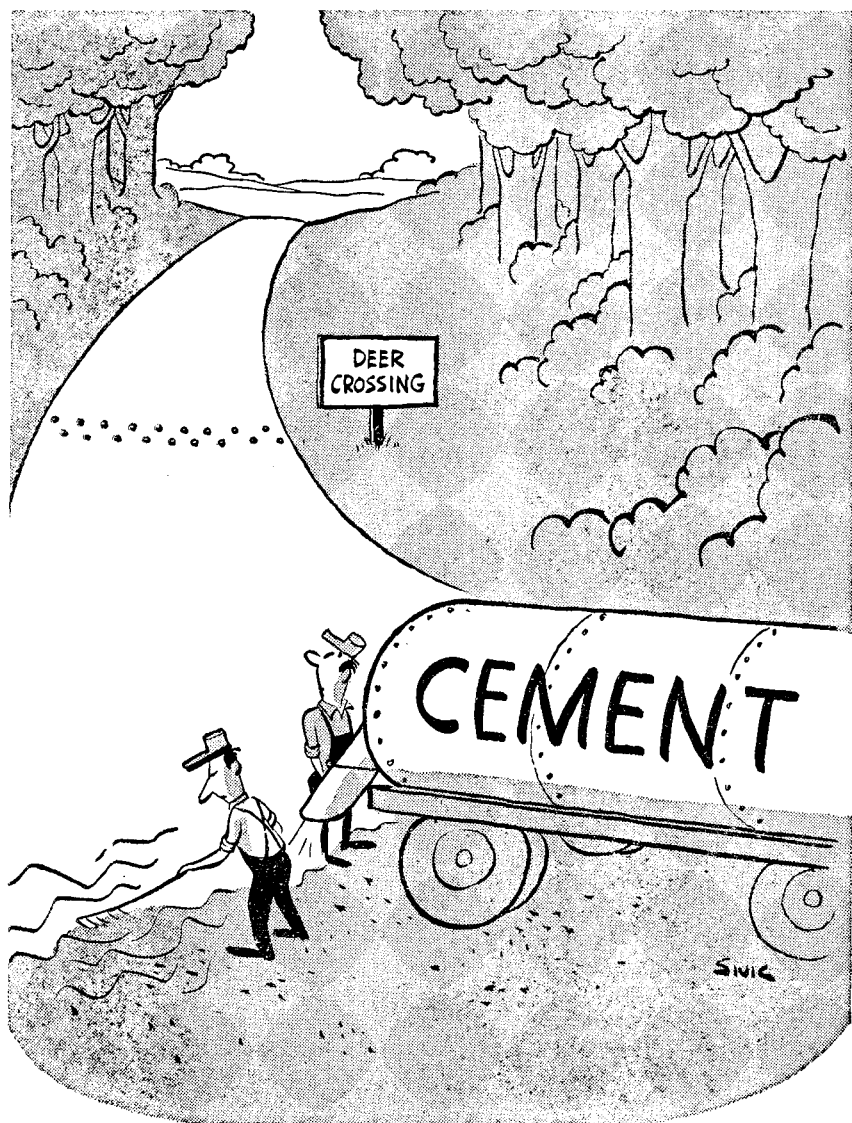
It was the custom in those days for wealthy men to proclaim their romantic alliances symbolically — on coats of arms. To tell the world that "Sigismondo loves Isotta," Malatesta designed himself a new emblem.

In its upper right and lower left corners was a capital "S" — for Sigismondo — wrapped around a capital "I" — for Isotta. Our modern banking system was beginning in Italy during this era, and such wealthy money-changers as the Medici family adopted the Malatesta symbol for their stock-in-trade.

This was about thirty years before another Italian, Columbus, even discovered the land which eventually became identified all over the world with the \$.

Malatesta's passion for violence lived on after his death. One of his illegitimate sons seized the family property, murdered his two half-brothers and finally poisoned Isotta.

Today, tourists who take their dollars to Italy may see the elaborate tombs of Sigismondo and Isotta in the Church of San Francesco in Rimini. In the same church, they may also see a fresco showing a highly romanticized Malatesta. He is kneeling in devout prayer, and looks as though butter wouldn't melt in his mouth.



BY ERWIN C. LESSNER



KING OF THE TRIANGLE

THE KING was a mountain gorilla. I heard the story from a Swiss captain who was then a volunteer with the Finnish Army in the last-ditch struggle against overwhelming Russian forces in the winter of 1939.

The Captain was a scion of a wealthy old Geneva family, a globe-trotter and big game hunter in the 1920's. He had shot tigers and black leopards, and he had had a blood-curdling encounter with an angry hippopotamus. But he said that there had been a lot of routine in these affairs and that those beasts lacked individuality. He had complained to the custodian of a museum of natural history in Switzerland, whereupon the distinguished scientist suggested he try gorillas; not plain gorillas, but mountain gorillas, the cleverest and most ferocious creatures on earth. They dwelled in the "African Triangle" formed by Mt. Mikenno, Mt. Kari-simbi, and Mt. Visoka, extinguished volcanoes nearly 15,000 feet high. And, incidentally, the museum needed a stuffed ape very badly.

Two months later the Captain arrived in Kissenyi, neat district capital in the Belgian Congo. It took several days to hire porters, but finally they got started for the White Fathers' Mission of Nyunda, on the fringe of the gorilla "triangle."

The Captain found the White Fathers in a state of considerable excitement. A native laborer had just been killed by a gorilla, within ear-shot of the Mission. The other laborers refused to return to the fields unless the King was killed, for they were sure that the King was the slayer — no other gorilla would venture so close to the white men's abode.

The King was a myth among these natives. They said that he was older than the oldest man in the world — that he could uproot the tallest trees — do anything a man could do — that he ruled over a dozen ape families and that all females were at his will.

It was told that he was the most powerful creature on earth, and the most skillful builder. The King was

a sorcerer who could brew medicines from herbs and the hearts of men. He would always walk erect, and he was higher than two men put on top of each other.

The Captain wanted to start right out to duel with the regal animal, but the Father Superior cautioned him that Batwa men would be needed as trackers.

The Mission's engineer volunteered to go to the Batwa grounds. He returned with a score of short, stocky men with bullet-shaped heads that seemed to protrude from hairy chests. They looked impassively at a friar who explained, in the throaty utterances of which their language consisted, that they were wanted as trackers of an *engabe*.

THE BATWA swarmed out, a live screen, as the expedition penetrated into the opaque forest, with trees almost seventy feet high, past a dark puddle of blood that marked the laborer's violent end. The Captain and the friar walked behind, followed by the porters who huddled together like frightened sheep. The Batwa scouted bushes and pointed at broken branches: the King's trail. A violent thunder squall had passed over the region. It seemed impossible to find the track on the rain-soaked moss, but the Batwa signaled that they were following it. Nobody except these hounds of the forest could have detected the marks.

At nightfall, they arrived at the advanced camp. It was located on a

clearing, at an altitude of 8,500 feet and consisted of a solid hut for whites, and crude, stall-like shelters for natives. The Batwa said that gorillas had sat near the fireplace and then proceeded toward higher grounds, but they spent the night in the camp. Gorillas never attacked during the night.

Dense fog blanketed the area the next morning. The Batwas, unconcerned over low visibility, signaled that they were now entering the gorilla's homestead. Man-sized passageways honeycombed the undergrowth, crisscrossing the coppice in labyrinth-like fashion. The Batwa felt at home in the entanglement, but the rest of the safari, led by the Captain, fell into single file.

Suddenly, the Captain noticed foot imprints like those of big men, and some dung. The Batwa dashed into passageways, noiselessly, and returned, reporting to their elders. Their round heads were raised as if they were sniffing the scent of the game. Big, dark objects towered high above — gorilla nests — more solid than unskilled men could have built. They reached an expanse strewn with foliage. "*Engabe lalla oppa*," the Captain heard. "The gorilla slept here," the head porter translated. There was no sound, but the tracks were quite distinct and there was even more dung — fresh dung. The Captain was puzzled. The King must know by now that men were near; why didn't he issue orders to his subjects? Why didn't

he growl, bark, drum his chest?

They had reached an altitude of about 10,000 feet and the air smelled of snow. Again the Batwas came running. They whispered hoarsely to the head porter. "Gorillas everywhere, all around!" the head porter translated and his voice faltered.

THERE was a soft rustle in the brush. The Captain could not distinguish apes, but he had no doubt that they were surrounded. "The King's safari was hunting us! We were caught as in a defilade in that passageway. There was a patch of sunlight ahead — forest's edge — and I knew we had to get there before the King's host charged. I waved them on and ran toward the light. There was still no sound. Just a few shadows and a dark boulder ahead of me. My rifle was ready. Then the boulder moved, rose, grew — into a giant creature — a monstrous head, awful fists beating a colossal chest. There was a snarl and a surge of poisonous stench. I lost only a split second taking aim. A long, hairy arm reached out. Pull that trigger! I heard the detonation, sensed the recoil, then pain, overwhelming pain, whirled me around in a crazy, glowing carousel . . ."

The Captain heard a weird sound, like the barking of an infernal dog. He forced himself to look around. There, some five yards away, hovered the gorilla. Blood ran over his immense chest and trickled down his belly — the long silvery hair

interspersed the charcoal-colored coat of his upper body. Reddish frizzles covered his groins. Greytinged tufts of hair fell over the narrow forehead, which contrasted strangely with the colossal jaw. Deep-set eyes expressed infernal fury and immense amazement. For the first time, the King had not prevailed in combat; and there was no doubt: *this was the King!*

The beast lifted his clenched paws but his huge body staggered. The paws relaxed. His eyes glared murder. The King thrust his head forward, teeth bared, but could not reach the man. The Captain attempted to recoil and couldn't. He found himself flat on the ground, his right leg dangling as if it were no longer a part of his body. Only the pain in his leg indicated that it was still connected. He had an impulse to tear the leg off, but his hands, like the rest of his limbs, were paralyzed by agony. Next, he saw the rifle lying between himself and the King, its barrel bent like soft wire. His mind began to reconstruct events: his shot had gone off as the gorilla's blow fell, hitting the King's chest. The King's blow had bent the barrel and hit his leg. The King probably had greater recuperative powers; he would get at him and tear him to pieces. The end would be gruesome beyond imagination. Even if he could have seized the rifle — the rifle was ruined.

Yet, he had had another rifle. He had had porters, and Batwas. They

had been a few steps behind him, or maybe fifty yards. He concentrated his will power and shouted at the top of his lungs. He didn't know what he shouted. It didn't matter, provided they heard the sound.

He tried to roll away, but his dangling leg blocked his effort. He groped for his ruined rifle. He might try to use the butt for a last-ditch struggle. He could touch it, but not lift it up.

The King snorted. The Captain groaned. The dark paw moved slowly, inexorably, another half inch, and still another, and a third. He felt a roar in his ears. Death was like a surf. He closed his eyes. He would count seconds, the last seconds of his life.

He counted to twenty-seven, then opened his eyes again. The King had lost his balance and slipped, and he was now crouching on the ground two yards away, a hapless bundle.

Just then the King stemmed his claws into the ground like columns of steel and swung his body, but he couldn't make it. However, again the distance narrowed.

Thirst tormented the Captain. The light dimmed. He didn't know whether this was due to rising clouds or to his own dwindling consciousness, until a raging tropical thunderstorm broke. Rain drenched his parching lips, but the pain became more stringent. A pool of water formed near his head and he made a colossal effort to reach it, almost

succeeded, but from the opposite direction something else moved near — the King's head. The Captain recoiled. As if under a mist he saw the King's jaw, smelled his foul breath, saw monstrous determination in his eyes. Again, the King groped for him, but collapsed. His claws were no more than five inches away. At this point, the Captain passed out.

NEXT thing he saw was the scholarly friar, who tied the dangling leg on a stretcher. "The king . . . *engabe* . . ." He tried to point at the gorilla, but the friar just nodded and the Captain was too weak to insist. Dimly he felt them carry him away.

Ten hours later he found himself at the Mission house, under medical care. The friar told him panicky Batwas and porters had said that the King had torn the Captain's heart out. Under close questioning, however, they admitted that they had heard a shot.

The friar had used all the persuasion in his command to get the men to lead him back to the spot.

The gorilla's right claw had raked up the ground only a fraction of an inch away from the prostrate man's neck. According to the friar's estimate, their ghoulish tête-à-tête had lasted three hours.

Another expedition recovered the carcass. The ape weighed more than 800 pounds and stood seventy-six inches high.



BY HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE



NEVER-NEVER LAND



PRETTY GIRLS in shorts and swim suits, fishermen and camera-happy vacationists, and smiling children all crowded the dock at Raquette Lake, New York, as we clambered aboard Joe Bird's "Sea Bee." Occupants of automobiles, pontooned planes and speedboats waved. For we were taking off for Never-Never Land. As we plowed into the blue, laughing waters, we were tearing seventy-five years from the man-made calendar and pages from earth's history, numbered in aeons.

In this cup of the mountains the towering peaks and the forests seemed as deathless as time itself and the silence was broken only by the puny sounds of the motor — a silence sealed since the roaring horror of desolation quieted after the mighty masses of ice ground out the Adirondacks in the glacial age. We knew these peaks were older than the Alps, Andes, Himalayas and Rockies. We knew that in their shadows a tiny brook at Tear-of-the-Clouds Lake became the mighty

Hudson River. Now, four miles from the dock, Bird cut his motor and eased into another dock and we were at Never-Never Land — the ancient inn of "Brightside-on-Raquette."

Now let's beat back.

It was the year 1849. News of the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill reached the village of Ste. Anne de la Parade in Quebec.

Pierre Bryere, trapper and woodsman, smiled at his wife as he packed.

"I go," he said, "to find us great fortune in these California."

Joseph, the ten-year-old son, begged to go along.

"No," said Papa, "the trail is long and I go afoot."

The years passed but Pierre did not return with the gold.

Joseph grew to six-foot-two and like his father became a trapper and a woodsman. They say to this day in Ste. Anne that Joseph was Number One at wrestling, kicking, eye-gouging and biting. The publican will relate how "Joe" met a bull moose on the trail, face to face,

grabbed its wide horns, wrestled it, and cut its throat, and dragged 1200 pounds of meat into the village. Old-timers will tell how Joe could pick up 400 pounds of salt and hold the barrel above his head. . . . Joe, like his father, became restless and in the 'seventies dropped out of sight. He said no farewells to his friends.

There's a black-out in his life until, in the very late 'seventies he turned up in Hamilton County, New York, where he first worked as a lumberjack, and then as a guide to the "sports" from Utica, New York, and other cities, who came to fish, shoot partridges, deer and bear. He was a smart man. He built "open camps" in which to house the "sports" — and then he met Mary Gooley of Albany, who was working in a store at Blue Mountain Lake where he had gone to buy supplies. It was love at first sight — and they were the first couple (1884) married at Raquette Lake. Joe had ideas. He had looked about all the Raquette Lake country. To him the prize spot was a point of land under "The Craggs" extending into Raquette Lake for a distance of one and one-half miles. There, without deed or title, he and Mary "squatted," and began building "Brightside."

THEY pitched a tent and cut timber for an "open camp" — a three-sided log cabin with huge fireplace in front. They built a bark cabin against the coming winter and howling blizzards with temperatures

fifty below zero and snow piling to ten feet. When the mountains rising in all directions changed from all the hues of green to red, gold and yellow, splashed with the green of the firs, they shot their meat: bear, deer and partridges. In the fragile "guide boats" they brought in flour, coffee and other winter supplies. And when the lake froze they cut ice for the coming summer and buried it in sawdust. They cross-sawed and axed timber until at last they were frozen in, and then they worked on plans for "Brightside" — their dream house for the hunting and fishing city "sports."

On some Sundays when the north winds calmed, they snow-shoed across the white-covered lake to worship in the tiny village church. In their first spring, when the sun was high and warm and the ground frozen still, they tapped the maples for sugar, and resumed cutting timber which they boomed down the lake to a sawmill. They built a barn, bought a cow and a horse, worked on their plans for the house, and then, at last, everything was ready. *Joe and Mary built the first house single-handed* — living room, dining room, kitchen and six guest rooms. There were no baths. There was plenty of soap, and Raquette's waters were not always too cold. The first guests registered in May, 1900. Joe and Mary saw their dream come true. But they were not satisfied. They continued to cut timber, boom it to the sawmill, work on plans, and

in 1900, built a second and larger building, a guest house with a beautiful living room, and eleven guest rooms. Joe, Mary, and one hired hand built it. When the first house burned in 1905, Joe and Mary and the same hired hand cut the timber from below "The Crag," boomed it to the sawmill and rebuilt the house in one year, this time with eighteen bedrooms. All still stand. The architecture? Not even Frank Lloyd Wright could tell. It's pure "gingerbread" with roofs like those on barns in Quebec designed to drop snow.

Joe was taciturn, but with a gesture could indicate the best spot for big fish or lead a guest to deer, bear, or wildcats. He was strong as a gorilla, carried no fat and, to the day he died in 1941 at 81, was lanky. He loved his guests who, in the early days, had to travel some thirty miles by buckboard after an overnight journey by train. Sometimes some of the guests had to walk because the buckboard was too crowded. Those who walked, it's said, wished they had ridden and those who rode wished they had walked. He never bothered his guests save to see they were comfortable and well fed.

But he was a czar in his own way and did, or supervised the doing of, everything — including his wife's cooking. Mary was a very beautiful young woman and one of the great cooks of the North Woods. She could swing an axe or pull a cross-cut saw with any man. She was a dead

shot with rifle or shotgun. Today, at 91, and after sixty-nine winters in her woods, her health is not too good, but she insists she'll stick it out until she's a hundred. Four children were born in this order: Franklin, an Ohio engineer; Florence; Clara Octavia; and Kathleen — the "baby."

When Mr. Bryere died, Miss Clara (Miss Brightside, guests call her) after thirty-eight years in the outside world as a registered nurse, returned to her birthplace "for good" and took over the active management. She left behind a brilliant career in her profession. She had been an operating nurse with the Roosevelt Hospital Unit at Base Hospital No. 15 — General Pershing's headquarters — in World War I. For eighteen years after the war, she was operating nurse for a prominent New York doctor.

AS FIFTEEN of us sprawled on the huge mat in the original "open house" watching the blazing maple logs in the fireplace, Clara reminisced.

"School days were wonderful. There was a little red school house across the lake. The lake freezes late in November or early December, and thaws anytime between the end of March and the first week in May. When the lake was open we could cross by guide boat and when it was frozen we'd cross on snow-shoes. I recall a Thanksgiving when Father drove Mother and us kids twenty-

miles down the lake and had to jump his horse across a wide crack in the lake. We kids crossed on boards."

The fire crackled as a glorious sun began to enter earth's house of darkness, and the whole world — the lake and the mountains — began changing color with kaleidoscopic effects. We listened to the soft lap of the water, the laugh of a loon, and the futile hoots of an owl attempting to lure his lady to a rendezvous. Deer came to the waters' edge to drink and bears rummaged the refuse, and shrill cries indicated to us what makes the wild cat wild.

The noise of the woods reminded Clara of how, at the turn of the century, the Game Commission brought in moose from the north and elk from the west in the belief they would propagate and increase the interest of hunting sports. But the Raquette Lake country was barren of food for both species, and those that did not die became *domesticated*. She recalled meeting a big bull with huge blades once who only wanted a little affection. She told us about the lady moose who, tired of it all, moved into the village and mooched handouts. Clara told of the hardships, and laughs, when she took over. She asked her mother about provision for the winter, about how much wood should be cut, and how much ice should be sawdusted down. To all questions she received one answer: "I would not know. Father always took care of that." So Clara had to figure it out. And she did.

She described how, in the old days, tons of fish were netted from the lake for fertilizer. She told of the railroad of 1900 (abandoned thirty-three years later with the advent of fine highways) and of the beautiful private cars of the Huntingtons, Vanderbilts, and other "rich folk" which came annually, bringing swarms of city sports. She related how, for many years, the New York Central cut and shipped its ice from Raquette Lake and how her father was employed to keep the channels open for the cutting. "The nights were bitter," Clara laughed, "and Father once was described as doing the work with a bottle of whisky in each hand." Until but recently, when she acquired a pump, Clara had to keep a water hole open all winter.

We asked the usual questions for strangers: Don't you get bored here in winter? Are you ever frightened? Is it worth while? Don't you feel completely out of touch? "There is no time for boredom," smiled Clara. "There is snow to shovel every day; bread to bake; food to prepare and reading to do. And once, every ten days or so, I snow-shoe to and from the village, two miles across the lake each way, to get the mail and newspapers. We are never frightened because there is nothing to be afraid of.

"And here, with the manifold offerings of the Adirondacks, it is very easy to forget the outside world, a world you knew so well, but, somehow, no longer seem to care about."



AMERICANS ARE ART-CONSCIOUS

By Henry Oliver

OF ALL the amazing and beautiful sights in Washington, D. C., the one that seems most to impress and bewilder the average foreign visitor is that of the thousands of persons of all ages and from all strata of life who file into the National Art Gallery on a Sunday afternoon.

It is so completely out of character with all of their preconceived concepts of America and Americans. We are a proud, a courageous, a sublimely confident people, they freely admit; hard-working, hard-playing, hard-drinking and hard-loving; but so completely engrossed in the continuous pursuit of the almighty dollar that we are sorely lacking in manners—and utterly lacking in culture. We have, my friends, no appreciation for the finer things of life. And no nation can be truly great until it does.

It is curious the way this belief

has persisted, not only abroad, but even among most Americans. Yet to take one of the high forms of Culture (Culture with a capital "C" that is), the fact is that we Americans are probably the most art-conscious people in the world today. More visitors stroll through the marble corridors of the National Art Gallery on an average Sunday than enter the famed Louvre of Paris during an entire week. Weekly attendance at the National averages slightly more than 31,000; at the Louvre, about 7,000. Moreover, the attendance at the National is overwhelmingly American while anywhere from 50% to 80% of the weekly visitors at the Louvre are foreign tourists. While the famed German collection of paintings was on display a few years ago, the attendance soared to 67,490 on a single Sunday, the all-time high for the National, and probably

for any art gallery in the world.

It is true of course, that our painters and connoisseurs have not attained the recognition, yet, that their European contemporaries have. Also, the average American visitor at the National is not so well schooled in the finer details and symbolism of the paintings he views as the Frenchman who goes to the Louvre. We Americans are still quite frankly baffled at the more esoteric examples of modern art.

But the average American is just as capable of intelligently appreciating the Old Masters as any of the Europeans. One has only to watch the expressions on their faces, and listen to their conversation as they pause before a Rembrandt, or one of National's exquisite Italian Primitives. Perhaps they do not consciously note the artist's handling of color, or design, or the brushstrokes and other techniques of craftsmanship. But they feel the beauty and the power of the painting as a whole, and that, after all, was what the artist had hoped to achieve.

THE National Gallery of Art (often called the Mellon Gallery) is regarded by architects of all countries as one of the most beautiful buildings in the world. It was constructed by the late Andrew W. Mellon, once regarded as "the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton," though a few years later he was pilloried from pulpit, platform and in the press as the very epit-

ome of the "corrupt Wall Street Banker" (he hailed from Pittsburgh). Mellon donated the building — which cost fifteen million dollars — and his priceless collection of paintings and statuary to the nation; it was formally opened in 1941.

The National now has more than 20,000 works of art, including the world-renowned collections donated by Mr. Mellon, Samuel H. Kress, Joseph E. Widener, Lessing J. Rosenwald and Chester Dale. It boasts, in addition to its famed Rembrandt collection (24 paintings including some of his finest work), what is regarded as the finest collection of early Italian paintings outside Italy, and an excellent group of nineteenth century French. Probably the most famous canvas is Raphael's *Alba Madonna*.

Best tip to the tourist visiting Washington: do not try to see the entire gallery in a single day. It's too much. Pick out one or two collections and really see them. You will save yourself a pair of aching feet, and get far more out of your visit. Many of the more experienced visitors will spend an entire afternoon just looking at a single painting.

Curiously, I got this excellent advice from my part-time maid, a recent émigré from the cotton fields.

"Did you see them new paintings at the National Art Gallery, yet? Me and my boy friend went yesterday afternoon. We jist looked at one picture. It was painted by a fellow named Veer-meer and it was the purtiest picture you ever did see."



Let's THINK About Money

BY PATRICK McMAHON

THE MOST powerful force in the world today — aside from the A-Bomb and the H-Bomb — is the American dollar.

The dollar influences the economy of every nation in the world, and it dominates the economies of most. Even Soviet Russia uses the United States dollar as the basis for its trade agreements with the satellite countries. The slightest fluctuation in the value of the dollar automatically affects every foreign currency. The rise and the fall of the dollar affects not only the living standards in New York, San Francisco and Four Corners, Iowa; it determines how much rice the coolie in Malaya can provide for his family, how much meat and bread the miner in Germany, the weaver in Britain, can place on their dinner tables.

The amount of goods that the American housewife will be able to buy with a dollar bill a month from now, a year from now, three years from now, will have an important and probably a decisive effect on the Congressional election next November, and the Presidential elec-

tion in 1956. In the long range, the stability or lack of stability of the American dollar will determine our own political and economic future, and the fate of our entire western civilization along with it.

And one of the most dangerous and tragic aspects of this turbulent world of ours today is that not one American in a thousand has the slightest conception of what the dollar really is, and why it buys so much one day and so little the next. Fewer people actually understand the intricacies of our common medium of exchange than understand the secrets of nuclear fission. Ironically, far more people have the ability to amass great quantities of money than actually understand money.

As a result, the vital monetary and fiscal policies of our nation are formulated and effected by a few technicians, subject always to the approval or disapproval of a Congress and a public that, aside from a pitifully few exceptions, have only the slightest notion of what it is all about.

The added result, of course — and herein lurks the danger — is that monetary and fiscal policies have become the most vulnerable area of our national affairs to the attacks of crackpots and scoundrels, of the foolish, the ignorant, the misinformed, and the unscrupulous.

A COMPLETE knowledge of money, and all the things it affects and is affected by, is beyond the ken of mere average, mortal man. We have neither the time nor the talent to acquire it. Only a small handful of people in the world possess such an understanding, and even with them, it is more the result of a rare instinct than of conscious thought.

Nevertheless, any intelligent person who makes the effort can grasp the fundamental principles of monetary and fiscal policies, sufficiently, at least, to sense the potential benefits or disasters that might result from specific programs. If we devoted a small fraction of the time to thinking, reading and talking about those policies that we now devote to the Korean truce, to the Kinsey Report, the Brooklyn Dodgers, or Senator Joe McCarthy, we would be a reasonably literate nation, fiscally speaking.

It was on the assumption that the citizens of this nation would at least make that minimum effort in a matter that so vitally affects us all, that the founding fathers, in Article I, Section 8, of the Constitution of the United States, entrusted to Con-

gress the power to coin money and "fix the value thereof." This tremendous power was so designated on the assumption that Congress would always be more responsive to the desires of a wise electorate than would the executive branch.

However, no government, no matter how wise or how powerful, has ever been able to firmly fix the real value of money over a prolonged period. The final decision as to just how much your dollar will buy is made in the millions of daily transactions between housewife and merchant, farmer and miller, manufacturer and wholesaler, lender and borrower. Even when gold, the hardest of the hard moneys, was the basic medium of exchange, its purchasing power fluctuated violently in response to the inexorable laws of supply and demand (both of money and goods), and the unpredictable whims of buyer and seller.

But, while governments cannot completely control the values of their currencies, their policies and decisions do profoundly affect the economics of the market place, where the buying and selling, lending and borrowing, are conducted. The activities of our government which affect the purchasing power of your dollar are almost too numerous to list; the spending and lending of government agencies; the waging of war; the general attitude toward business, labor, and agriculture; the volume and method of taxation; the financing of the national debt; the

exercise of various techniques by the Federal Reserve to increase or decrease the flow of new money and credit into the nation's economy.

THE PUBLIC already is pretty fully aware of the effects of war and of excessive government spending on our economy as a whole and on the purchasing power of the dollar. Most of us realize the dangers of a hostile attitude by government towards any of the three major components of the economy — business, labor, and agriculture — although we are not quite so certain as to where the proper balance between hostility and paternalism should be struck. Certainly we are all acutely aware of the effects of taxation on our own individual purchasing power, and that of the nation.

But in the vital area of fiscal and monetary policy — the funding of the debt and the control of money and credit — all save a very few of us are woefully lacking in information and understanding, and we are either too lazy or too indifferent to try to acquire either.

Yet those are the policies that the founding fathers, after long deliberation, made the responsibility of Congress in the earnest hope that its decisions would always be subject to the quick approval or disapproval of a reasonably intelligent and well-informed citizenry. (But due largely to public apathy, these along with so many other constituted powers of

Congress have, for all practical purposes, been usurped by the executive branch. Even the Federal Reserve, which theoretically is directly responsible to Congress, was reduced during the Roosevelt and Truman administrations to little more than a junior adjunct of the Treasury.)

The fiscal and monetary policies of the Roosevelt and Truman administrations were deliberately designed to produce "controlled inflation." Whatever other results they may have produced, they were primarily responsible for the fact that the dollar you deposited in a savings account, a life insurance policy, a bond, a pension fund, back in the 1930's, is worth only about forty cents today.

Probably the most important decision the Eisenhower administration has made has been to try to maintain a relatively stable dollar — a dollar that four or five years from now will still have within a few cents either way, the purchasing power it has today. The success or the failure of this policy — if it is continued — will determine to a large extent whether we have boom or bust (and the bust always follows the boom), or a long period of reasonable prosperity. The techniques that are being employed by Treasury Secretary Humphrey and Federal Reserve Board Chairman Martin will be described in broad detail in a subsequent article, along with the claims of the supporters and the charges of the critics. The policies are

somewhat involved, and many of the more intricate details are baffling to the layman. But the broad fundamentals are by no means beyond his understanding. Briefly, what the Treasury and Reserve are trying to do is to limit the flow of new money and credit to "safe and reasonable" proportions.

And, of course, the debate as to what is "safe and reasonable" has already started, and it could well be one of the most fateful debates in the history of the Republic. The administration's new fiscal and monetary program was the target for a running attack in both the House and the Senate throughout the last session by the advocates of "easy money," who charged that the Treasury and the Reserve were pushing the nation directly into another catastrophic depression. In the latter days of the session "easy money" theorists were joined by many experts of the "sound dollar" school, who felt that while the administration's policies were fundamentally sound, its timing was bad. Even Wall Street, which for twenty years has been clamoring for firmer fiscal and monetary policies, has become somewhat uneasy now that the government is finally following its advice. The Street has learned

to live with controlled inflation; it is not so confident, now, of its ability to adjust to the change.

Although they publicly deny it, the administration leaders have already shown some signs of wavering under the increasing pressure, partly due to the lack of public understanding and support. When Congress reconvenes, the attack is certain to be re-opened, and with re-doubled intensity.

RESPONSIBLE leaders of all factions in the current money struggle are agreed on two things:

1. That our chances of final victory in the long-range struggle against Communism both at home and abroad, whether the war be "hot" or "cold," are absolutely dependent upon our maintaining a strong economy in the United States; an unwise money policy can plunge both ourselves and the entire Western World to disaster.

2. And that it is just as important for the patriotic American citizen to try to understand what this vital monetary debate is all about, as it was for him to send his sons to Korea to fight and to die and be maimed in an effort — the results of which are still not in — to check the spread of Red imperialism.



Spidercraft

By AVIS DEMMITT

DURING the Second World War the new industry of "spider silking" became very important to the Government as an aid in making war instruments. People engaged in this industry raise spiders to supply webs which are used as cross-hairs in telescopic sights, by means of which enemy craft can be precisely located and blasted from the sky. Webs are also used in rifle sights, range-finders, microscopes, and surveyor's transits.

Second-hand webs can not be used. Not all new spider webs can be used — some are too brittle or too cottony. The black widow and golden garden spider are the best. Their webs are very even in diameter and tougher than steel or platinum wire of the same diameter.

Specialists in the industry keep the spiders in glass jars and feed them on flies, gnats, crickets and fleas. Before the spiders are silked (usually every four days), they are dieted to rid their systems of impurities.

The specialist takes a spider from the jar with tweezers, places it in a groove or hollow in a block of wood, and fastens it down with a sheet of glass to prevent the legs from interfering with the web.

The spider's silk glands, located in the extreme end of its body, are

connected with the spinnerets in the tip end, and after the spider is fastened down, the specialist tickles the spinnerets with a pointed instrument to start the spinning. As the web is made, it is fastened to a metal frame resembling a large hair-pin, which is turned around and around as the spider spins.

One spider will spin about one hundred feet of web at each silking and can be silked about ten times, producing a thousand feet of web. Each frame or reel holds about nine feet of web; twelve reels are packed in dust-proof boxes for shipment. If any dust particles should collect on the web, they are removed with a mouse hair or a human hair.

Four kinds of silk can be furnished. The ordinary silk is about one-fifth the diameter of human hair. A finer floss is spun by baby spiders. If even finer strands are needed, forceps are used to separate the fibers, until they measure five one-hundred-thousandths of an inch. Coarser fibers are produced by silking two or more spiders at the same time and twisting the webs together as they are spun.

The silking shortens the spider's life to four months. But they produce more than in a normal life span of a full year, and they are well fed and cared for during this time.

Do You Know That —

- ▶ The Korean “police action” was the fourth bloodiest war in U.S. history. Only the Civil War and World Wars I and II resulted in greater total casualties to the United States.
- ▶ A recent survey revealed that France, with more than a million alcoholics, has the most serious drinking problem of all European countries. Surprisingly, the problem is worst in rural sections.
- ▶ Counterfeiters had a very poor year in 1952, passing less than \$300,000 worth of phoney bills compared to almost \$800,000 successfully passed the year before. Small shopkeepers were the principal victims.
- ▶ The Supreme Court will have to decide whether the Korean War was a war or a police action since many insurance companies issued policies which specified that the insurance would not be paid in the event of death through military service in time of war. Some beneficiaries of soldiers killed in Korea are claiming double indemnity under accidental death provisions. Conflicting rulings on these points by lower courts promise a long and complicated legal process ending in the highest court of the land.
- ▶ A Danish oceanographer believes that there is evidence of the existence of monster sea-serpents in the capture of a six-foot creature which is merely the larval form of a still undiscovered deep-sea denizen.
- ▶ Escaped Polish pilots report that the Polish Air Force is staffed exclusively by Russians in all ranks from that of major.
- ▶ The ordinary lead pencil is made by a process first invented by a Frenchman in 1795, who was commissioned to do so by Napoleon. The American pencil industry is a forty-million-dollar business, with the largest factory in the world located in New York City.
- ▶ A judge who served in a New Jersey court for thirty-six years disposed of 300,000 cases in that time. He was known as the state’s “fastest” judge.
- ▶ Scientists working on the study of cosmic rays have measured the radiation of particles of the rays sixty miles above the earth’s surface by means of a special radio-bearing rocket.
- ▶ American bombers will now be equipped with a pre-loaded rotary bomb door which permits unloading of bombs without any loss of air-speed since there is no conventional door to offer wind resistance.

NORA DE TOLEDANO

(*I hate the congregation of evil-doers
And will not sit with the wicked.*)
PSALM 26: 5

A Boycott Long Overdue

By J. ANTHONY MARCUS

President, Institute of Foreign Trade

RELATIVELY few Americans realize that the Soviets have maintained a strict boycott against the United States. Although the Russian peoples have been living through perennial merchandise famines ever since 1917, although goods of Soviet manufacture are of the shoddiest quality, the Soviet government has at no time imported consumer goods.

Since 1945, the same Soviet foreign trade monopoly has extended its strangling hand to the satellite nations. Today the Kremlin dictates to more than eight hundred million consumers what they shall or shall not buy in America, stifling the movement of much-needed raw materials and services to the free world, and affecting the well-being of every man, woman and child on the globe.

In the thirty-sixth year of Soviet rule, its peoples are still hungry and ragged and huddled in hovels a pig would scorn. Yet on October 2, 1952, Stalin declared not only that

his empire would need no further imports from abroad, but that it would "feel the necessity of disposing, on the side, of surplus merchandise of our own production."

In his Red empire, Stalin could produce "surplus" merchandise by the simple method of taking it out of the mouths and off the backs of his slaves. In 1946-47, for example, a famine swept through several Russian areas, but Stalin sent shiploads of grain to France and Italy in order to bolster the local Communist fifth columns to destroy their governments and seize power.

The Soviet total boycott of American goods has apparently been overlooked by our importers and consumers. Otherwise, enlightened self-interest would have dictated long ago that we retaliate in kind. The enslaved Russian and satellite peoples would have blessed us for that; they would have derived great inspiration to help them continue their struggle against their mortal tyrants. Many a time during my

business sojourns in Russia, natives have said to me: "Why do you Americans come here to trade with our government? You are only enhancing its prestige; you are tightening the noose around our necks."

In the light of this, is there any possible excuse for Americans continuing to buy from the Soviet Union and its satellites merchandise worth tens of millions of dollars annually? According to U. S. Department of Commerce statistics we paid Communist Czechoslovakia in 1951, for example, \$2,331,213 for jute manufactures; \$2,284,247 for woollens; \$2,248,403 for glassware; \$2,308,040 for precious and semiprecious stones; \$1,146,938 for explosives and fireworks; \$249,931 for textiles—a total of \$23,525,905. All this bonanza to the Czech Communists while our innocent press correspondent, William Oatis, continued to languish in their prison. Where is our self-respect?

Why should Americans contribute to the treasury of our arch-enemy—the Soviet government—\$32,191,316 in one year by importing its furs valued at \$22,515,302; tobacco, \$5,255,315; cotton goods, \$1,256,118; synthetic fibres, \$1,695,427, to mention only the major items?

None of our imports from the Soviet bloc have any strategic value to our economy; they are all available in abundance right here at home or could be easily procured from friendly nations.

AS EXPLAINED at the outset, the Soviets import no consumer goods from us. But the flow of strategic materials into the Soviet bloc to help strengthen the striking power of the enemy has been moving in great volume from all parts of the world.

Direct shipment of strategic materials or equipment from the United States is well under control. The same, however, cannot be said about indirect shipments. One of the reasons is that until October 20, 1952, our safeguards against re-exportation were amateurish. All that our government required of American exporters was a statement from their foreign buyers that the goods would be used in the consignee's country. The naïve Washington officials did not realize that the statement they received was not worth the paper it was written on. There was no means of either checking the ultimate disposition of the goods or of finding out their final destination, if the importer chose to send them behind the Iron Curtain.

Last year, for example, Italy shipped to Rumania (with Russia, no doubt, as the final destination) an American grinding machine valued at \$11,000. Officials in Washington admitted that it "could unquestionably be used in connection with the manufacture of war materials." Administrator W. A. Harriman so reported to President Truman. But our aid to Italy was not cut off be-

cause "in the opinion of United States technical experts one machine of this kind will not add significantly to the over-all Soviet war potential." So stated Mr. Harriman. Our experts were not aware, apparently, of the Soviet practice of buying samples of our latest machines in order to duplicate them in disregard of patent rights and use them not only domestically but export them in competition with American producers. The importation of the one grinding machine, therefore, was of very substantial aid to the enemy.

Much of the blame for the inaction and confusion must be laid at the door of our leading international trade organizations. Had they been alive to the gravity of the Soviet menace, the embargo could have been made airtight not alone here but in other countries as well. What have those organizations been doing since March, 1948, when the Government began to control the export of strategic equipment and materials to the Iron Curtain countries? Passing high-sounding, well-meaning resolutions and talking to themselves.

No one, of course, should object to exporting to the Iron Curtain countries our shoes, stockings, clothing, house furniture, radio and television sets, pressure cookers and the like. As one Russian woman architect once complained to me in Moscow: "We have learned to make bombers, tanks, motor cars,

turbo-generators and other complicated machines, but we do not know how to make a pair of shoes or stockings that will last more than a few weeks or days." And while thus benefiting the Russian people, if we were wise, we would not take gold in payment but rather such strategic items as would prove of value to our economy — manganese ore, chrome ore, pulp wood. We could well get along without Russian furs, linens and caviar.

But the Soviets insist on buying only our latest machines, machine tools and highly strategic materials, enhancing of the war potential. If, on occasion, they buy something of a non-war nature, it is as *bait*, to secure something very desirable for their war industry.

ALTHOUGH closely connected with American foreign trade since 1917, this writer has not heard of any outstanding authorities on Soviet goals, tactics and operations appearing at any of the important gatherings of American foreign traders to offer first-hand knowledge. Instead, Mrs. Vera Micheles Dean, research director of the American Foreign Policy Association, has been moving up and down the highways of American business preaching the false and disastrous gospel of East-West trading. An escapee from Bolshevik tyranny herself, Mrs. Dean has never had any practical business contact with the Soviet economy, nor has she

been in Russia since 1919. But on January 10, 1950, the members of the New York Export Managers Club listened to her discourse on "Russia's Economic Relations With the West." Her concluding remarks were as revealing as they were counter to America's best interests:

"In conclusion," the lady said, "I would say that we shall have to make a choice between two risks: One risk is to trade with Russia and Eastern Europe, and there the risk, of course, is that we will be increasing their capacity for waging war—if that is what they are planning to do. I say 'if' because I am not at all clear that that is the real line of attack that the Russians will pursue. The other risk is not to trade with them and to continue to put pressure on our E.R.P. friends also not to trade too much with Eastern Europe, and then we are running the risk of increasing the economic difficulties of our friends in Western Europe. Now, in making this choice of risks, I would plump for the risk of trading with Eastern Europe and Russia. . . ."

Five months later the Soviet government ordered the North Koreans to invade South Korea, where for three years we fought the third largest and costliest war in our history.

Recent statements by two business leaders, one in England and the other in the United States, reveal unmistakably the deplorable ignorance that still prevails. On Sept.

5, 1952, a leading British businessman said: "While the Communists just now see every foreigner as a spy, there must eventually be a stabilizing period. Then, there will have to be higher trade and British ships to carry that trade—say, two, three or five years ahead." This no doubt explains the tenacity with which Britons cling to Far Eastern trade although it has aided the enemy in the war against us, a war so costly in lives and taxes to our people.

In Boston on October 20, 1952, Mr. George A. Sloan, then chairman of the U. S. Council of the International Chamber of Commerce, told a business convention: "We must find the economic factors which will permit nations to stand together and to go forward together. The ultimate result will be that, at some day in the future, the Soviets will realize the futility of their effort in undermining the free nations and will suspend their struggle for world domination."

It is very well, indeed, to call upon nations to "stand together and to go forward together." But as for seeing the Soviets "realize the futility of their effort . . . and . . . suspend their struggle for world domination," one might as well expect the earth to change its course.

THE above statements have been selected as characteristic of the thinking of men at the top rungs of

our business leadership ladders. Similar unenlightened and confused thinking among leaders of other groupings of our citizens has helped bring America to its present impasse.

The tens of thousands of young Americans whose lives have been snuffed out on the Korean battlefields, the tens of thousands of other youths whose bodies have been mutilated for life, are crying from their premature graves and the hospital beds that we, the living and healthy men and women, do something about it.

A general boycott of all products from Communist countries is long, far too long, overdue!

The most internationally-minded business segment of our population, the exporters and importers above all, must go into action at once. To do what?

1. To call immediately a national emergency convention for the purpose of launching a boycott against all trading with the enemy by all the free nations, and to make it as tight and complete as only American efficiency can;

2. Herald this determination to the world in order to gain recruits among the wavering, and to hearten our friends within Moscow's empire;

3. Appoint three committees to proceed to Europe, Latin America, and the Eastern countries with a view to knitting together all the tens of thousands of foreign traders of the free world into one great force against the Soviet imperialists.

Therefore, a Free World Foreign Trade Union should be forged at once to perform three major functions:

- (a) Supplement the efforts of the free governments in their task of controlling the shipments of goods and services to and from the Iron Curtain countries.

- (b) Police their business colleagues in the observance of the boycott. Familiar as they are with the tricks of the trade, they could be far more effective than government officials in making it next to impossible for anyone to smuggle anything in or out of enemy territory.

- (c) Form the vanguard in all the free countries for a concerted effort to enlighten systematically, persistently and consistently their respective peoples about the horrors of life behind the Iron Curtain. We now have the personnel to do it with from among the tens of thousands of Soviet escapees.

Entertaining no illusions in the face of the demagogic "neutralism" sweeping European and Eastern countries, we must do our utmost to secure the fullest co-operation of our friends abroad, but at the same time be prepared to go it alone if need be. If we combine American efficiency with the idealism of our founding fathers and enlightened self-interest in this crusade, neutralism will vanish, confidence will supplant doubt in our ability to turn the Communist tide and ultimately defeat it without a catastrophic war.

A COLLEGE STUDENT

Looks at Academic Freedom

BY BOB MUNGER



TRUE academic freedom has ceased to exist in American colleges. My last four years, spent at three different colleges, have led me to this inescapable conclusion. Notwithstanding the hypocritical wails of our self-styled "liberals" to the contrary, leftist thinking and teaching have come to dominate the academic world.

The fuzzy-minded intellectual idiots who decry the efforts of Congressional committees uncovering Communist inroads in education are not trying to keep us going "down the middle of the road" or from "going too far to the right." Rather, they are fighting to maintain their own iron-fisted dictatorship in the classrooms. A leftist professor at Brandeis University, Ludwig Lewisohn, stated the situation accurately when he said: "The only scholar, the only type of student who is still forced into a defensive position on American campuses today is the conservative teacher or student, the religious teacher or student."

The most hysterical innuendoes about the threat to academic freedom have come from professors, yet it is the student who has had *his* academic freedom violated. Many professors seem to judge their success as teachers by how much they have been able to change the basic outlook of students toward their own viewpoint. In this regard it is worth noting that twenty-eight per cent of all citations for sponsoring Communist-front organizations have involved college professors.

The student, unfortunately, has no choice in the matter; he is a "captive audience." He must listen to the slanted, opinionated and often factually inaccurate lectures of his left-wing professors whether he likes it or not.

It is neither fair nor accurate to assume that any restrictions placed upon classroom lectures are a constitutional violation of the freedom of speech. A professor has complete freedom to expound his crackpot theories on the outside, but he should

remember that the classroom is not some beer hall which he has rented for his own political propaganda purposes. The professor has an obligation to the student to be accurate and at least reasonably objective. Ironically, this obligation has been cast aside in the name of academic freedom.

Here are a few typical quotations taken from the classroom lectures of leftist professors:

- ▼ The meaning of capitalism is fascism. Fascism is not like Communism. It is a drastic form of government, allowing no civil liberties. It is the absolute opposite of Communism.
- ▼ Whenever measures are taken against Communist sympathizers and those who refuse to sign loyalty oaths, we are moving toward fascism.
- ▼ There should be just one American newspaper, put out by the Government, because private papers are in the hands of economic royalists.
- ▼ The attacks against progressive education are being made by the extreme fascist right.

Almost every student who has been in college for any length of time has heard caustic diatribes against Senator Joseph McCarthy from at least one professor (usually these remarks are irrelevant to the course). On the other hand, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find students who have heard professors go out of the way to make favorable comments about the Wisconsin Senator. If the pink professors

are really so concerned about academic freedom, why do they insist upon presenting only one side of "McCarthyism" and a score of other issues?

A certain professor of political science last semester used up almost an entire lecture period with statements such as this: "I am not saying that Senator McCarthy is insincere *but* while there are many facts which would seem to indicate that he is *not* sincere, there is not one shred of evidence which would tend to prove that he *is* sincere in his stand against Communism." This statement was coupled with a repetition of typical smears against the Senator.

The pseudo-liberal eggheads who defend the use of the classroom for political indoctrination often assert that they are only fighting to preserve "the free interchange of ideas." Such statements indicate a woeful ignorance of what actually goes on in most classrooms. It is certainly not a "free interchange of ideas" when the same man representing the same opinion always talks ten times as much, always has the last word and everyone else is always forced to listen. Nevertheless, this is exactly what happens in the average classroom and that's not my definition of a "free interchange of ideas."

Often the pink professors are assisted in their indoctrination procedures by stooges in the class. Statements which would be too wild for the professor to make himself are

put forth by leftist students during class discussions. The professor could hardly be blamed if a student in class extolled the virtues of Soviet Russia, but frequently he will call on that student for comment to the exclusion of others representing a different point of view. If and when he does recognize a student on the other side, some professors are careful to call on the least articulate of those who oppose collectivism. In this manner, the average student in the class is led to believe that he is hearing an adequate discussion of both sides, when only the leftist view is being emphasized.

Far too many students sit like academic zombies and swallow the socialist line simply because it is put forth by a professor who supposedly is an expert. If they don't accept the socialist dogmas they are ridiculed in front of their classmates as being "naïve," "unprogressive" or "not broadminded."

AT THE University of Chicago last February, Robert Andelson, a 21-year-old candidate for a master's degree in the school of divinity, dared to write a documented article which condemned the overt Communist activity on the campus. A month later he was informed by Dr. Bernard M. Loomer, dean of the divinity school, that his admission to candidacy for the M.A. degree had been indefinitely "deferred." It is not a coincidence that the same Dean Loomer had been exposed in

Andelson's article as the chief speaker at a campus rally to save the since-executed Rosenbergs, atomic-bomb traitors.

Andelson's grades were above average. His only crime was that he had guts enough to speak up against the subversive activities on his campus.

Where are the wails of anguished protest from our pseudo-liberal, self-appointed defenders of academic freedom, who can always be counted upon to rally to the defense of Communist professors or even atom spies? Why aren't the various campus so-called "Academic Freedom Commissions" circulating petitions of protest in behalf of Robert Andelson? Why are teachers who daily harangue their students about the alleged mistreatment of professors by Congressional committees suddenly tongue-tied?

As a student I cannot complacently shrug off the dominant leftist thinking in our colleges as merely a natural phenomenon. I refuse to accept the idea that "anyone who is not a socialist at twenty has no heart, and anyone who is a socialist at forty has no head." This cliché offers an easy excuse, but certainly collectivist thinking is not the logical and inevitable consequence of an idealistic outlook. Are the principles of free enterprise and real patriotism any less inspiring and idealistic than the perverted idealism of Communism or socialism? Of course they are not.

The real heart of our dilemma lies

in the fact that throughout their academic careers most students have heard only one side. They have learned that to be patriotic is "chauvinistic," that socialism is "true Christianity," that to oppose subversion is "witch-hunting"; and a myriad of other lies, half-truths and distortions.

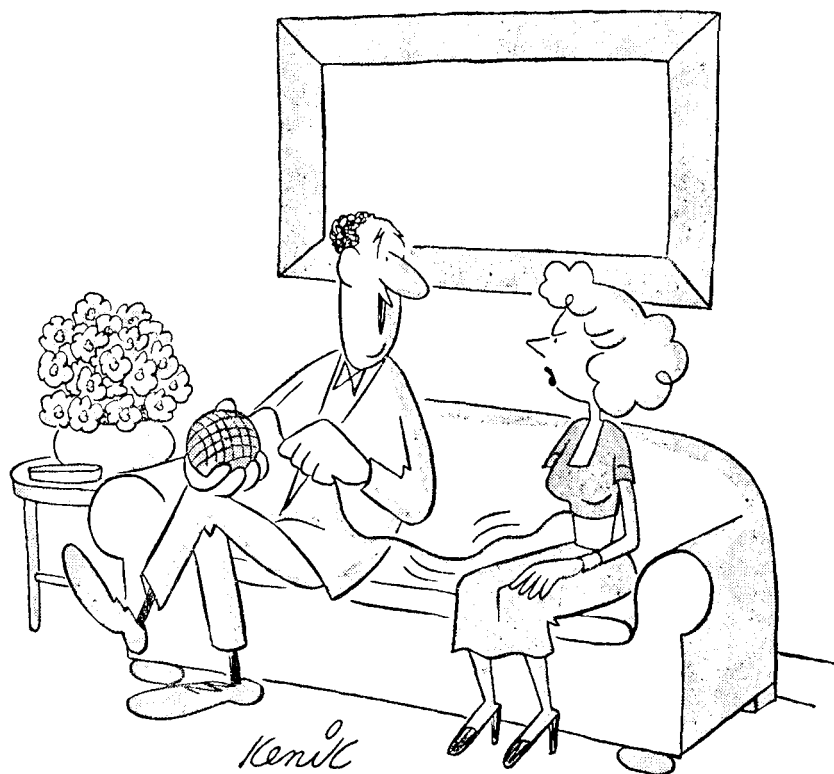
You may think that most students will "grow out of it." Perhaps the majority of them will. Nevertheless, look at all the damage that is being done in the meantime. What students lack in understanding they make up for in energy and enthusiasm. Can we continue to allow the left-wingers to monopolize one of the greatest sources of potential energy in the country, our youth? Even if the misguided student does grow out of his leftist notions, wouldn't his time be more profitably spent in promoting the true American principles that made this country great? Then too, there is the hard, cold fact that many students never do "grow out of it." Alger Hiss never "grew out of it"; the atomic-bomb spies never "grew out of it"; and thousands of other Communists never quite "grew out of it."

TRUE academic freedom has been destroyed by those very professors who, ironically enough, have proclaimed themselves as champions of "free thought." Only an awakened public opinion can restore the right of students to learn rather than to be propagandized. Here are some

important things that every patriotic citizen can do:

1. Support the Congressional investigations into education. The pink educators fear exposure more than anything else and are trying to confuse the issue.
2. Write your Senator for copies of the hearings of testimony before committees investigating education. See that this information is passed on to the greatest possible number of people.
3. Refuse to contribute to the financial support of colleges and universities which insist on retaining Communist teachers or teachers who refuse to answer whether they are Communists on the grounds of possible self-incrimination.
4. Do not send your sons and daughters to schools which retain Communists and those who decline to answer whether they are Communists.
5. Work actively through alumni, civic, and other patriotic organizations to mobilize public sentiment against the leftist destroyers of academic freedom.

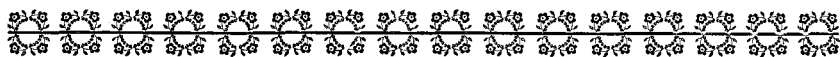
American students have had their right to an honest objective education stolen. Their academic freedom has been shamefully violated by hypocritical leftist professors and naïve "liberals" who sanctimoniously laud "free thought" while ramming collectivist dogma down the throats of captive students. Indoctrination has been substituted for education. It's high time that the student's rights were considered!



"I save string. Do you mind . . . ?"

"...and Mellow Fruitfulness"

BY MARY CADWALADER



AUTUMN comes too soon, too smartly in New England; in the South it never truly comes at all. But all along America's contented waistline, from Montauk to Hatteras and west to the blue hills and beyond, autumn comes and stays and makes itself at home.

Seasons of course — like beauty — are in the eye of the beholder. That wild sweet burst called Spring is merely the "mud season" to mountain people long winter-bound. Summer comes highly recommended but leaves city dwellers limp and cursing while still in its prime. So autumn sounds, to some, like twilight and rain and loneliness; but here in the mid-Atlantic region we know and love it for its sun, serenity and savor.

Autumn in our country is never chilled white wine; it is *vin rosée*, rich and room-temperature. It moves in like a slow tide lapping around the doorways, and sending ripples of faint color across the pools of bottom land — wild asters shading from a pale smoke to a regal purple with all the blues between, the bronze of dogwood and the bright

accent of goldenrod. The weather is dry and clear, August mugginess has gone, but seersucker suits can still linger in our closets two good weeks after Labor Day. The first week in October we reach for an old tweed jacket — but the first of December, likely as not, we'll still be sitting on the terrace in the same tweed jacket and no overcoat needed.

In the cities now there is a speed-up system taking charge. Merchants are stocking furiously against the Christmas rush, theaters are advertising their new wares for a new season, orchestras are tuning up, museums are trumpeting their new shows. Traffic picks up speed and volume and the world begins to shout and scurry.

In the country, we have none of this.

We have, first of all, an abundance of things — particularly, time. The days slide off the Great Horn Spoon like slow drops of molasses, cool, gold-brown and spicy. And there is more peace, now. The sun goes down behind the King Arthur's oak, the one you'd swear was a knight in

armor when you see it silhouetted against a crimson cloud. By six, the dogs have been fed and have taken up their blissful station on the rug. We have picked the last of the beggar's lice off our old trousers, pulled the Spanish needles from our sleeves.

By the fire, now, there's time to read to Molly before dinner, to play a few records, and while the chestnuts are roasting under that front log to sew Dad's hunting license on his ancient coat. After dinner we can add up the barrels of corn husked out this year, multiply by \$9 and see if the sum equals what was spent on fertilizer and labor.

THE fat *caw-caw!* of the crows in the stubble wakes us in the morning. It is background music, peaceful and drowsy, but the gobbling of thirty-seven turkeys under our windows is another matter. If it weren't for the imminence of Thanksgiving we could cheerfully strangle every last turkey in our bare hands. Why the noise of crows should be lulling and that of turkeys exasperating heaven alone knows, but never mind — it was time to be up anyway. The screens should come out of the windows now, and off the chimney-tops where they have kept swallows from nesting; the kennels and stalls should be bedded down for the animals. There is no hurry about these duties; the ice has not yet formed on the rain-barrel or watering-trough; autumn is here and autumn is slow and comfortable.

Still, abundance and serenity are best when offset by activity, and of that we have plenty, if not the urban kind. Sport takes over in autumn, sport which we take part in with our own muscles, with our horses and our dogs. The "night-hounds" of the farmers' packs are hello-ing down the honeysuckle paths and throwing the house-dogs for miles around into a frenzy with their song of moonlight and fox-scent. By day the more orderly hounds of the Deer Valley Hunt drive hard over the ploughland. Green hunters have bucked and floundered through the September cubbing and now, settled to their work, can gallop on and fence at full stride.

Soon, John and his friends are leaving three days a week in the blackness before the milk-colored dawn, headed for the duck-blinds and heaven. Heaven of course is cold — so the thermos of coffee goes along — but heaven is all around them in the pastel sunrise, the frosted spires of marsh grass, the wide sweep of water under the wide, still sky.

But this is looking ahead, quite a bit. The fall racing season, the hunter trials, the retriever trials, the Thoroughbred auction, the Radnor and Rose Tree meets, the first coon-hunt — all this is still to come. For now it is best just to sit quietly in the sun and savor, ruminatively, the happy time, the mellow time. There is no hurry. Autumn is here, and autumn comes to stay.



Our *Vanishing* Military Profession

By D. J. CARRISON, *Commander, U.S.N.*

IN SPITE of the wealth of experienced senior officers now in the Armed Forces, it's no secret that high Pentagon officials deplore our younger officers' lack of enthusiasm for a military career. The number of resignations submitted now is alarming, and those who are close to the problem feel that once we let down the restrictive bars that were placed on separations when the Korean emergency started, resignations will pour into Washington. Many senior officers feel that unless something is done to make a military career more attractive, high attrition in the junior grades will so deplete our officer corps that the professional militarist will soon become another "Vanishing American."

Recognizing the seriousness of this situation, the Secretary of Defense has ordered a special committee to investigate our young officers' attitude toward a military career and to recommend measures that will once more make military life more attractive to them. Mr. Wilson must find some solution, or in the not too distant future we shall have "all chiefs and no Indians" in the officer rank structure.

If this investigating committee is restricted to recommendations that the Armed Forces alone can take, its efforts are doomed to failure. For the fault is a dual

one — the military and the American public are equally responsible. In recent years the military has invited disaster by permitting such things as sugar-coated discipline, extreme specialization, and inter-service rivalry to undermine the spirit and morale of the Armed Forces. Junior officers feel that they have not been adequately represented when policy-making officers do not defend them from irresponsible criticism and unwise legislation. Moreover, inequality of opportunity and reduction of officer qualifications have frustrated and disgusted many of our young officers. Some of our top brass have lost prestige within the services because there was little evidence that they were interested in or capable of protecting career officers from Congressional, inter-service, or other similar pressure groups.

As a starting point, the investigators can safely assume that formerly, young officers were attracted to military service by prestige, opportunity, glamor, and — of course, a reasonable standard of living. The key to the investigation is to determine how to restore these attractions to their former relative worth.

First consider the prestige — and the lack of it — in a military career. Here our committee will find that the remedial measures are applicable to both the military and the public. The public is represented by the press, commentators, and the legislature. Probably the greatest con-

tributing cause to the loss of prestige has been criticism of the military. Criticism in public life is expected, but whereas a public official can fight back (as did Vice President Nixon last fall), the military is muzzled by higher authority or by its own rules. Quite often we find good constructive criticism by responsible columnists and commentators. More often we find irresponsible charges leveled at our military leaders and at the military in general. These cases are obvious attempts to increase circulation or Hooper ratings, and they insidiously damage morale in the services. A public that delights in seeing its military leaders ridiculed and treated unfairly is short-sighted and does not deserve a competent body of professional officers to defend it in time of need.

IN REGARD to prestige, the military should put its own house in order. First, it should emphasize to its officer personnel that except for those specifically excluded by the Geneva Convention, the male officer is basically a professional fighting man, and that the end purpose of his duties, regardless of assignment, is to make war or to prepare for war. The military should ruthlessly eliminate unification pangs, squabbles between reserves and regulars, and discrimination between service minority groups. It should stop the gradual lessening of autocratic differences between officer

and enlisted grades. (The Russians tried this in the war against Finland, but they shifted back to a more stringent regime after several resounding defeats). Our military leaders should fight the unwise developments of present law which encourage employers and educators to conduct rigorous campaigns to obtain exemptions or deferments for young men who aspire to a college education. A career labeled "unworthy of superior talent" by a large and influential segment of our country's leaders gives impressionable young men the idea that a commission in the Armed Forces is not a privilege but an admission of inability to face civilian competition in industry.

IN SPITE of the detrimental effects of both public criticism and the mistakes committed by the Armed Forces, there still remain vestiges of the former prestige accorded the professional military man. West Point and the Naval Academy still symbolize centers of learning where strength of character is equally as important as scholastic ability. There are many officers in the service who are proud of their military background; President Eisenhower pointed this out to the Assembly of Midshipmen last May when he said that "service brats" usually brag about their military fathers. To have one's children take pride in one's profession is a blessing indeed. Our investigating committee should

recognize this as an innate strength of the service, and should foster and protect it. When pride disappears from an organization, so will morale and efficiency.

The committee should recommend that each of the Armed Forces critically examine and compare the opportunities offered to junior officers in each service. Career planning should be carefully investigated; the committee will find that many career planning practices exist only on paper and that officers are often subject to spur-of-the-moment assignments.

The comparison of opportunities within each service will indicate that there should be a day of reckoning for the Air Force and its highly irrational rank structure. Accelerated promotion of officers in the Air Force has caused growing resentment among the other services. The "boy colonels" who are several years ahead of their contemporaries in the Army and Navy aren't necessarily better officers — they were just fortunate enough to be in the right place at the right time. This fast promotion results in greater income, so the effects reach down to the wives and children in the other services. Families of competent officers in the Army and Navy who are years senior but junior in rank to many officers in the Air Force are frustrated by the inequalities that exist. Preferential treatment is not conducive to healthy morale and it will never encourage the services

towards a really solid unification.

Few will deny that there is a certain amount of glamor in the military career. For centuries, civilized art, literature, and music have glamorized great warriors and have preserved for us the details of their great victories. All over the world, monuments and other memorials are concrete testimonials to past military achievements. Our committee will find that glamor has given ground somewhat to scientific progress, for war now lacks the personal touch. Mass death by an atomic bomb does not compare favorably with the "gallant" hand-to-hand fighting of yesteryear. More and more, survival depends on chance and not skill. There still remains, however, some appeal in the helmeted jet pilot, the high-booted paratrooper, the black-faced Commando, the submariner, the Frog Man, or even the ordinary GI and sailor. This appeal can be exploited properly and intelligently, particularly if one facet is not exploited to the detriment of the other. Above all, indiscriminate use of medals and awards should not be resorted to in an effort to glamorize our men for an unsuspecting public. Fortunately this practice is not widespread, but it contributes to the general feeling that most military awards have lost much of their worth and meaning.

LAST, but by no means least, in this age of the devalued dollar, our committee should look into the

standard of living among the officer corps. It should compare the present-day officers' rung on the ladder of social and economic success with that enjoyed by an officer fifty years ago. The real purchasing power of the dollar has declined steadily and the Armed Forces have invariably lagged civilian industry in asking for compensatory pay increases. The result has been a comparative loss of pay and a marked reduction in the standard of living conditions in the service. The old incentives included many fringe benefits which actually were remunerative. Formerly a service wife could stretch a dollar by shopping at the local commissary and post exchange. However, in August, 1949, Congressional pressure in the form of a threat of corrective legislation forced the three services to close a large number of commissaries in order to avoid competition with local stores. The "special order" privilege was discontinued in the post exchange. Last year the Department of Defense Appropriation Act of 1952 instituted a five per cent surcharge on all commissary sales to defray certain overhead costs. Little by little medical care for dependents has been whittled away; this has been easily accomplished by simply reducing the funds allocated to dependent care. Dispensaries are now so overloaded and understaffed that many service personnel prefer to go to a local civilian clinic in order to avoid long delays. The Navy has

never explained to its personnel why it is the only service which does not provide routine dental care for dependents.

CONGRESS is the source of all benefits and pay scales for the Armed Forces. In many cases officers have been attracted to a military career by promises which were made in good faith but which were undermined by later legislation. For example, retirement benefits were curtailed by the Career Compensation Act of 1949, and later by the Van Zant Amendment to the Department of Defense Appropriation Act of 1953. Shipment of household goods has been limited by recent Congressional action. The reservists' lobby pushed through a provision for survivor benefits for reserve officers that is ludicrous in comparison to the benefits applicable to the career officer. The widow of a reserve officer killed in line of duty receives almost three times as much pension as the widow of a career officer! Such inconsistencies and reductions in benefits by legislative action amount to a breach of contract, and produce a feeling of insecurity among career service personnel.

In viewing the attractiveness of a military career today objectively, we find that in recent years there have been many developments which have slowly reduced the prestige, opportunity, glamor, and standard of living of the career

officer. The consequent effect on our officer corps cannot be determined accurately until the end of the current emergency and a corresponding relaxation of restrictions on resignations from the service. It is of utmost importance to our own well-being that we as a nation take the necessary steps to make a military career attractive under present conditions. A strong corps of professional military men with high morale is an essential to national security. We should not forget the example of France in 1940; her politics-ridden, defensive-minded officers were the weakest link in her armor.

It has been proven conclusively that the campaign to "Bring the Boys Home" at the end of World War II was quietly fostered and encouraged by Communists. This propaganda decimated the greatest fighting force the world has ever seen assembled. Can it be that the current criticism of the military and the insidious looting of military pay and benefits is likewise inspired by Communist propaganda? Are we as a nation unwittingly sapping our strength by undermining the morale and ambition of the Armed Forces? If we default in our clear responsibility to remedy the situation, it is quite possible that our professional military officer will soon disappear into one of the many walks of civilian life. If this happens, where will we get our top brass fifteen or twenty years from now?

a fixture OF OLD ENGLAND

BY M. JOHNSON AND E. SHANAHAN

ONE PIECE of their plumbing is closer to the floor than ours. That was what I noticed first. This necessitated a kind of groping that lent a new uncertainty.

Furthermore, they're not called *toilets* over there. Nor are they labelled by sex as "Ladies" and "Gentlemen." They are not even called *lavatories*.

But, in the usual clipped British way which approves such words as *fridge* and *veg* and *perm*, the letters stand emblazoned just at "W, period; C, period."

After my first introduction to the letters, I blithely announced one day as we were walking down a hotel corridor, "Oh, there's the water closet." But, I was silenced instantly by my companion. She looked around stealthily to see if anyone else had heard my gross remark, and then she hissed, "Never say those words! It's capital W, period; capital C, period. Just 'W.C.'"

I remember the W.C. in the first hotel in which we registered in London. Some hundred yards down a long, dimly lighted corridor, "it" nestled in a forgotten corner as the

carpeted hall turned a sharp right angle. I always felt fine until the door closed on me. Within seconds, the confines of the cubicle gave me vertigo.

Horrible waves of seasickness attacked me. The walls seemed to close in and I thought I could feel the floor weaving unsteadily. Stale, cooking memories of cabbage and fried herring wafting through the small window added to my queasiness.

It was only after an architectural study of the W.C. that it dawned on me that the floor sloped forty-five degrees one way, the seat another, and the four walls angled, each with a personality all its own.

Then, there was the time when our inn reservation included a private W.C. adjoining the bedroom. We congratulated ourselves upon finding such unaccustomed privacy and luxury as this. Then, "it" decided to become playful.

It growled, it moaned, it gushed. No jiggling of knobs would soothe the rambunctious water spirit who apparently lived there. The manageress said no plumber could be had at the moment, so we went to work on it ourselves — not with

a hairpin, as neither of us use them — but, with some string from our traveling labels. Little bits tied together and then to a pipe in “its” innards did the trick.

The only trouble was that the string had to be untied and tied before and after use and one ran the risk of being flooded or washed away in the interim.

Other W.C.’s in my recollection were little geysers that bubbled happily, big geysers that leaped upward and some, like streams in a summer’s drought, that simply died away.

I also recall W.C.’s which I never met, like the ones in the Lake District of England. The hotel advertised 125 rooms, 3 baths, W.C. on each floor. We saw the waiting queues and fled.

EXCEPT for the H. and C. in every bedroom (much C., very little H.) the bath was an institution by itself. Usually padlocked and jealously guarded by a suspicious maid with many keys tied to her belt, its august interior could be visited only by appointment, and at extra shillings’ payment.

If you should be late for that appointment, even by a few minutes, a peremptory knock on the bedroom door, and a cold remindful voice would say, “Your ba-ath!”

Where the W.C.’s were always small, the bathrooms were always enormous. They usually contained two or three chairs, a mirror or two

(one usually a full-length one), and a washstand and tub with lion’s claw feet, big enough to hold a cow, and high enough to need a stepladder to crawl into.

If the miniature bar of soap happened to be at the end where you weren’t, you either slithered your way down to it, swam, or stood up and walked down the long expanse to take up your new position at a more convenient spot. One tub was so gargantuan that I felt safer sitting in it sideways, which I did.

The strange plugs usually turned out not to be plugs at all, but heavy pipes to be lifted like weights, with both hands and bent knees.

But, one thing was certain. From the slow flow of water which trickled from the pipes unwillingly, one could be quite sure that only a few people had ever bathed there.

Because I had no extra money to indulge in the pastime of collecting, I had gazed very wistfully at shelves and shelves of lovely gleaming English bone china in dozens of towns of every size throughout the Isles. So far, I had resisted the urge to smuggle any.

But, there came the day when I actually thought of ramming one find into the car’s trunk. My “find,” I knew, was that “one-of-a-kind” thing that would defy all copyists and be the envy of every feminine heart.

There I was, alone, with an exquisite toilet bowl in baby blue, Royal Doulton china. Except for

the crack down its side which made it look that much more antique and caused a continuous slight leak along the floor, it was the most magnificent piece of Royal Doulton these tired eyes had ever gazed upon.

Later, in a museum, I saw a huge vase which I yearned for too, but only as second best. That china seat will always stay in my memory as the antique I wanted most.

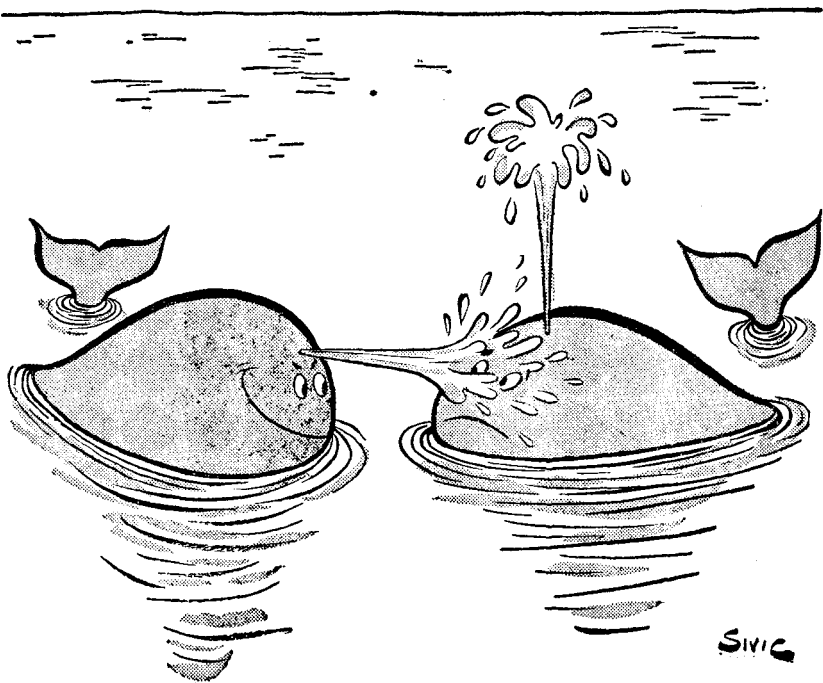
THERE is only one more word I wish to add about English plumbing as I sit thinking nostalgically of having "been abroad." Their paper.

Like the British, it unbends unwillingly. It further carries out their characteristic of being insular and wishing to stand alone.

Most times it isn't even there, but even when it is, well, mostly you can't help wishing for a substitute. You wish you had saved your paper napkin from luncheon.

I forgot to say that the use of the W.C. always costs the user a penny, which is Britain's largest coin; copper and heavy.

And, if you don't carry a supply, you regret it. It acts as the key to many unexpected adventures.



Plant Oddities

THE green world of the plantfolk is replete with spectacular wonders to put marvel in the eye.

Some plants are militaristic, in that they bombard their surroundings in order to scatter their seeds more effectively. The common witch hazel has been known to shoot its shiny black seeds to a distance of nearly 25 feet. The "squirting cucumber" casts seeds and mucilaginous liquid from three to four feet, while the sandbox, *Hira crepitans*, explodes with the noise of a pistol shot, scattering its seeds more than 50 feet like shrapnel. Another is able to shoot a seed the size of a dollar more than 100 feet.

The commonest artillery plant, however, is the *Pilea*, grown in greenhouses, or outdoors in California and Florida. When its flowers open suddenly they disperse a heavy veil of pollen which seems to envelop the plant in a cloud of smoke.

Many cacti produce "pearls" in much the same manner as oysters, by building successive layers of wound tissue to wall off the injuries made by birds and insects. These growths, of bizarre shapes, resemble branching coral.

Indeed, the land of the cactus is peopled with curious and fantastic growths. Some, like the giant Sahuaro and Joshua tree, reach the height of 50 feet. Others creep over the sands like serpents, with sinuous tentacles; the devil cactus gives the appearance of countless thousands of crawling caterpillars as the whole plant moves forward over the desert, dying as it "walks."

By night or day, the world of the cactus clan is one of countless plant oddities. In the moonlight, the foxtail cactus gives the appearance of a ruck of foxes racing through the night with brushes waving airily. The beaver-tail, porcupine and "teddy bear" cacti appear as sinister beasts dogging one's step. In the distance looms the great

pipeorgan cactus, silhouetted against the starry heavens. And above all towers "old man" cactus, his head covered with a dense mass of tawny or grayish wool, sometimes longer on one side, like a hat cocked rakishly at a devilish angle.

The air is intoxicating with the spicy fragrance of the fabulous goddess of the night, the nocturnal-blooming cereus that blossoms only one night a year. With the coming of dawn, however, the giant flowers, 10 inches long, fold forever; and *Renia de Noche* stands naked in the cruel light of day, a plant-hag of blackish grotesque stems that look like twisted bodies of snakes springing at one. But by now the magic light of the sun has given back to the spaces the cactus aurora borealis in all the glory of the brilliant colors of a million flowering plant-things as far as the eye can reach.

TRUTH to tell, plants and trees are queer things. Some plants maintain a standing army for self-protection. The branches of the bulls' hornthorn of South Africa are replete with hollow thorns in which colonies of ants live and feed upon a honey liquid secreted at the base of each leaflet. This acacia has many enemies in destructive insects; and, as the guest ants are home-loving animals, the instant a foe appears they attack it like trained soldiers.

The monster water lily, *Victoria regia*, keeps not only an army but also a navy and aerial squadrons. Its

leaves are nearly six feet across, with edges turned up, and strong enough to support the weight of a large child. They float on the surface of the water as vegetable dreadnaughts, manned with many kinds of water fowl which destroy the hordes of insects and snails that would certainly kill the plant if it were not for their warring activities.

Other plants are veritable gangsters. In the jungles of South America there is a species of fig which is planted on trees by birds. Its roots grow hundreds of feet until they eventually envelop the entire tree, sucking it dry of the last drop of life's fluid. In our own country we have the dodder, which severs its contact with the earth and lives entirely off its prey, binding and sewing up the shrub's branches with its "devil's-thread," literally choking it to death.

A few plants are downright wicked, true sadists. The *Darlingtonia* induces insects by a honey-like secretion to enter a hooded compartment at the top of its leaf. The entrance is from the underside of the hooded section; but, when the insect wishes to leave, it flies upward toward transparent patches that look like openings. Thus it beats itself to death in frantic efforts to escape because of its instinct to fly toward the light. This is needlessly cruel because the *Darlingtonia* does not trap insects for food as do so many other plants.

One of the most brutal, however,

is the grapple plant of South Africa. It has been known to kill a lion even though the animal never approached the plant. The vicious barbs of this low-growing shrub become lodged in the soft part of the hooves of animals, such as antelopes. They cause such painful wounds that the animal loses its agility and soon falls prey to its natural enemy, the lion. But in feeding on the antelope, the lion's mouth becomes so infested with the cruel barbs he literally starves to death or, from sheer weakness, becomes an easy victim of hyenas.

IN THE struggle for self-preservation, the greenfolk have developed many traps and tricks by which to use insects for cross-pollination. These resourceful devices are as varied as the plants themselves.

When the beetle *Cetonia* lights upon a magnolia flower, its weight springs a triggerlike trap that releases a sudden shower of petals which cause the beetle to take off to another flower, with pollen stuck to its back. Likewise, the *Barberry* dumps loads of pollen on a visiting insect by its stamens, which act like miniature steam shovels.

The *Speedway* has a mechanism so delicately balanced that it tickles the stomach of the hovering fly as he dives into the flower. In that fraction of a second the stigma receives the pollen transferred from another flower and the anthers, in turn, brush the fly's underside and deposit

a fresh load of pollen before the frightened insect can back out.

In some kinds of flower the entire pollen mass is released and carried away on an exact spot on the insect's back which will touch the stigma of another flower of the same kind. Other flowers such as the bee balm and wild bergamot, have pollen chambers joined together so that they resemble wishbones. In order to reach their wells of sweets, the insect has to force his head between the wishbone, which clasps him around the neck like a little yoke.

In a similar ingenious manner, the pollen of the ladies'-tresses is held by tiny forceps. The handle of the forceps is very sharp and points out of the flower like a bayonet so that it sticks like a torch of life from one flower to another.

Few flowers, however, can match the resourcefulness of the iris in the art of pollen distribution. Attracted by the beautiful color of its flower, the bee lights on a flag and follows a line that leads to the nectar-well in the center of the flower. As he does so, he must move under the drooping stigma, which rolls the pollen off his back by a little petal beneath its tip, curved downward like a flexed finger. When the bee sucks the nectar, his back picks up a fresh load of pollen from the anther under which he is forced to stand. Meanwhile, the "finger" has straightened out and the stigma has moved up out of the way so that the new cargo of pollen cannot touch it as the bee

backs out, thus preventing self-pollination.

THERE are a number of tree oddities. In South America there is a tree that gives "milk," which is highly prized by the natives. During the rainless season the branches of the *Arbol de Lecha* appear lifeless, but when the trunk is pierced a sweet and nourishing milky fluid flows from it. When exposed to the air it thickens and turns yellow. Oddly, the tree secretes the fluid most abundantly as the sun rises.

In the lagoons and swamps along the coasts of Trinidad, Barbados and Colombia the mangrove trees grow shellfish. The shellfish attach themselves to the lower branches of the trees as far up as the spray of the ocean spews its brine. When the tides are out, the Mangroves present a singular appearance with hundreds of oysters clinging to their limbs like fruit.

In Sudan there is a tree that actually whistles. This freak owes its musical talent to the larvae of insects which work their way inside the ivory-white shoots of the tree and cause them to swell out at their base like globular bladders to the extent of an inch or more. After the larvae have matured and left the hollow thornlike shoot, it becomes a sort of reed instrument upon which the wind, as it blows, produces harmonious fluty sounds very pleasing to the ear.

The fastest-growing plant is the

bamboo. It has been known to grow three to four feet in a single night and has been used to kill human beings. In the old days the natives of the Philippine Islands used to stake their prisoners to the ground at a place where a bamboo shoot was emerging from the earth. In the morning the victim would be found dead, pierced by the growing stalk.

Other plants "bite back" at their enemies, or kill their own insect pests. The South African plant *Gifblaar*, for instance, carries in its sap a salt of monofluoro-acetic acid which acts like a systemic insecticide. Just how these natural systemic insecticides in some plants kill certain insects is not yet clear. But scientists believe that the deadly fluorine and phosphorus compounds built up in the plant put out of action an enzyme in the insect's body which is part of the mechanism whereby the insect's muscles respond to nerve impulses, thus causing paralysis in the same manner as "nerve gas." In fact, it was this natural phenomenon in some plants that led to the discovery of "nerve gas" for warfare, in the I. G. Farben chemical laboratories at Leverkusen and Elberfeld, Germany.

But perhaps the strangest of all plants is the *Dittany* of western Asia — sometimes called burning bush or gas plant. Its seed pods exude an inflammable gas which, under the right condition, will ignite in an explosive flame when a lighted match is held near the pods.



Marriage Brokers:

Kosher Style

By J. ALVIN KUGELMASS

WHILE marriages indubitably are made in heaven, the preliminaries leading up to about 7,000 of them annually in the United States are aided and abetted by some 700 brokers, about 550 of whom work strictly for the kosher trade in the New York area.

Matchmaking, which is perhaps the second oldest profession, is today a highly lucrative operation. The business is governed by a protocol stiff and formal as a levee at the court of a sixteenth century Spanish monarch. This code of procedure has not changed greatly up the centuries and is as rigid today as it was among the Babylonians.

There are two simple reasons for matchmaking: protection of the girl against a rascal and the lifting of the girl out of her own social class into a better one or at least assuring that she will not be demoted by marriage into a lesser one.

Many American Jews fancy that the marriage broker is a European import who practices his subtle profession mostly in an alien and ghetto atmosphere among Jews who have

not been absorbed into the mainstream of American life. Yet the fact of the matter is, if some forty Jewish brokers are to be believed, a good 90 per cent of their customers are parents who are third-generation American Jews.

Today, the forty brokers say, they are extremely anxious for bright young men to enter the field. They cannot understand why young lawyers, for example, who know how to draw a solid contract, don't look into the possibilities. Or why smart-stepping young men who have good social contacts do not look upon marriage brokerage as a career. The brokers welcome competition simply because professional matchmaking will become an accepted commonplace rather than a field of operations which must be conducted on a slightly *sub rosa* and abashed basis.

While marriage brokers do not keep in touch with the development of a marriage they have engineered, they are unanimous in saying that the nuptials they arrange stand up better and have a far greater dura-

bility than those left to chance. There is no way of determining whether couples who meet by arrangement have a lower divorce rate than the field nor is there any way of finding out whether they live happily ever after. For the files of marriage brokers are more sacrosanct than those in the custody of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Time was when the typical Jewish marriage broker was a retired rabbi or one doing a little matchmaking on the side to supplement his meager income. Others were patriarchal uncles with a reputation for prescience and learning. These, too, picked up small incomes from forays into the business. Today, however, most Jewish marriage brokers are actually in business with discreet shingles, resembling those used by doctors, in their first-floor windows.

THE hub of the marriage broker business is the dowry. Brokers do not hesitate to say that almost without exception the dowry is the *modus operandi* upon which the "made" marriage will traverse a course to a successful conclusion. "It is the oil in the machinery," they say.

Thus, marriage brokers might be said to concentrate only on those applicants who are willing to put up a minimum today of perhaps \$5,000. This is inflationary, of course. The figure in the 'thirties was as low as \$1,000.

Female registrants, almost always

accompanied by their fathers and mothers, outnumber male lovelorn by more than ten to one. Male registrants who seek out the broker are usually upwards of 35 years of age while more than 90 per cent of the girls are in their early twenties.

A registration fee at the broker today costs about \$25. Some brokers will demand a good photo of the applicant. All brokers will point out that the registrant must agree to a full investigation. This is where the fortune hunters are thwarted.

Brokers who like to instill confidence in the female applicants and their parents maintain cheerful offices which are complexes between living rooms and offices. The softness of the living room helps to abate the starkness of the desks and files. However, the latter provide a "practical, workaday" feeling, as the brokers put it, to the entire negotiation. The broker will put his fingertips together and say kindly: "Now what kind of a man are you looking for?" The girl may giggle but the answer, and this is a wondrous commentary on the societal mores of our time, invariably is "A doctor!"

Why doctors are so highly prized is no guess. For deep within the heart and the soul of the American Jew, stemming from centuries before the Spanish Jewish doctor, is a reverence for education and the social prominence upon which the healer sits. Thus, the Jewish girl and her parents are not seeking high income

in the groom by any means, for the average income of doctors in the United States, according to a survey made by the American Medical Association, is about \$8,900 a year. Why the doctor? He occupies a special niche in the community. He is mature, he is kind, he is his own boss, he is cultured, he bears a glittering title for he is no "mister," he is a "doctor." The word is magic, the title is magic, he is a heart's desire, a dream, a pit-pat in the maiden bosom.

LAWYERS, who were a drug on the marriage broker's mart during the depression 'thirties, come next in favor. Again, the high premium put upon the educated husband. The third most desired and popular classification is the manufacturer. Not the prosperous shopkeeper; not the dentist, who surprisingly should be a peg under the doctor but isn't; not the druggist, who is also an educated man, but the manufacturer.

Least desirable among professions are those of the writer, artist, and musician. Parents blanch at the thought.

In great part, the meeting of girl and boy is a tough and blunt affair. The boy comes to the marriage broker's parlor at the appointed hour and meets the girl, who is usually accompanied by her parents who size him up. There is usually some embarrassment but the broker, if he is an easy hand, makes light and joyous conversation as though he is attending a party.

Perhaps tea is served with little cookies, and the broker's wife may cluck about like a comfortable hen in a barnyard. Perhaps nothing is served and there is random talk. No date is made; absolutely no social date is set for a "going out" until the girl has a chance to talk with her parents and the boy can talk to the broker. At the first meeting, there is no talk of dowry. The protocol here is highly severe. It all appears to be a chance social meeting at an uncle's house.

When and if a date is arranged, the father calls the broker and tells him to call the boy. The boy then calls the girl, if he wishes. The boy appears at the girl's house, makes small talk, and takes the girl to a movie or play.

Meantime, a detective agency has gone to work at the expense of the father. The agency will check the boy's birth, home life, scholastic record, reputation, amorous affairs. The report will go to the broker, who will call in the father and discuss it with him. If daughter marries the boy, the father knows all about him, knows whether he is a virgin, whether he has ever been in trouble, whether he has falsified his background, what his credit rating is, the state of his health, and perhaps even his views on politics.

ALL FORTY marriage brokers interviewed claim that they can set the stage for a marriage at the very first meeting. "We can choose the

boy with an eye to what is wanted," they say proudly. There is no way of disproving this. Chances are that a girl will wish to see more merchandise, for that's how girls shop. Chances are, too, that parents will wish to see other applicants. There was some evidence that parents register their daughters with several brokers. But the brokers in a large city such as New York or Los Angeles keep in touch with each other and exchange data on applicants or perhaps even trade a girl client for a boy client so that two marriages may be made.

A month before a date is set for the wedding, the broker sits down with the father of the bride and the groom and goes over the contract. The father always agrees to pay for the wedding expenses and deposits a check in escrow with the broker. The check is turned over immediately after the ceremony to the groom. Sometimes, the father will insist upon pressing the check into the hand of the groom to show his affection. More often than not, the broker pays the groom.

At the same time, the father gives the broker ten per cent of the face value of the dowry. Sometimes this ten per cent is deducted from the dowry but more often than not, because a marriage is a highly charged emotional affair, the father will foot the broker's fee himself.

There have been a few comic opera instances where the check, which is usually certified, is not

forthcoming at the wedding. One or two brokers nodded wisely and agreed that such has happened but they insisted that the full amount was paid over after a few days.

Fathers-in-law are never embarrassed with their sons-in-law over the exchange of money for this is cloaked, and sincerely because of the emotional pressures, under the "I have lost a daughter but gained a son" formula. Again, there is no way of evaluating the subsequent relationships between the "son" and his father-in-law as distinguished from those who have no dowry bridge between them. Chances are that the dowry and the contractual arrangements made with the broker as a middleman are forgotten because of the great event and are dismissed as a present.

There are a few rackets in the marriage business and news about them usually lands in the tabloids or in the annulment parts of the state courts. Most of them arise out of advertisements and in most cases, luridly enough, the participants are marriage racketeers who come head on against racketeers of the opposite sex. They just laugh, shake hands, and go their separate ways.

Meantime, if quiz shows on television are any criterion of the romantic mores of our culture, the blind date is a titillating affair if it leads to the chapel. The marriage broker's office provides all the advantages of the blind date — with the hazards removed.

BY JAMES ANDREW MAYER

The Gentleman from Milwaukee



WHEN the Washington legislative session gets into full swing, Congressional nerves become badly frayed and Congressional tempers get increasingly taut as a result of interminable hours of floor debate, committee meetings, hordes of visitors and daily avalanches of mail (not all of it by any means complimentary). Then the wise Senator and Congressman seeks relaxation and relief. Some, like President Eisenhower, head for their favorite golf course. Some, like President Eisenhower, head for the nearest fishing stream. Some, like President Eisenhower, dabble in oils and water colors. Some slip down to the closest bar and hoist a few.

Probably the most unusual source of diversion of any of our current — or past — solons, is that of Charles J. Kersten, Republican Congressman from the Fifth (Milwaukee) District of Wisconsin.

Congressman Kersten's escape from the pressure of his legislative duties is to wheel out his marimba, take those little, felt-padded mallets in his fingers, and bat out a couple of

tunes. Invariably by the time he has finished the first piece, his wife has slipped quietly onto her seat at the piano; she soon is joined by eldest son, Champion, also a pianist; daughter Mary comes hurrying in with her violin; younger sons Kevin, Kenen and George get out their guitars. The whole lot of them burst out into lusty song and another Kersten jam session is in progress.

The Kerstens are without any doubt the most musically talented family to hit Washington in many a year. They play and sing with verve and abandon, and considerable skill. They are much sought after at parties, and bids to their own small parties are treasured. But more important, after an evening of music and song, the Congressman returns to his labors on the Hill, mentally and spiritually refreshed.

Charles Kersten is regarded by his colleagues as one of the abler members of the House. He is probably one of the most self-effacing, and certainly one of the most effective, members of Congress to gain a reputation as an investigator into the

Communist conspiracy. During the past session, the House passed a resolution introduced by Kersten, setting up a seven-man committee to investigate numerous Communist documents smuggled into this country from Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia — documents which were seized by citizens of those Baltic countries during the brief chaos that reigned when the Nazis tossed out the Reds, temporarily, in 1942. Congressman Kersten, who has some familiarity with the contents of these documents, believes they will provide valuable evidence of the Kremlin's world-wide designs and schemes, as well as the pattern followed in the seizure of the Baltic states, which Communists plan to follow in taking over other neighboring countries. Mr. Kersten has been appointed chairman of this special committee.

PROBABLY the most noteworthy achievement of Charley Kersten's Congressional career was the investigation of Communist infiltration of the labor movement by a subcommittee which he headed four years ago. At the outset, labor leaders viewed the investigation with the deepest suspicion, fearing it would develop into a labor-baiting campaign to discredit the unions. However, Kersten won the confidence of CIO leaders Phil Murray and James P. Carey, and he attributes the success of the investigation to the cooperation he received from the unions, particularly Murray and

Carey. On the other hand, evidence developed by the subcommittee was turned over to the unions, and used by them as the basis for expelling red-hued labor leaders. It was partly as a result of the Kersten investigation that the CIO expelled the Commie-dominated United Electrical Workers, and organized a rival union under the leadership of Carey. Today Carey speaks highly of the thoroughness, impartiality and fair-mindedness displayed by Kersten throughout the investigation.

Rooting out the Communists from all important phases of American life, and exposing and combating the Communist conspiracy everywhere, is the dominant interest of Kersten's Congressional career. But it is by no means an exclusive interest. He has made an intensive study of tax problems and of all phases of foreign affairs. During the past session he introduced bills to raise the income tax dependency deduction from the present \$600 to \$750; to raise the standard deduction from 10% to 15% (but to retain the maximum of \$500 for the single and \$1,000 for the married taxpayer); to liberalize medical deductions, and to permit the payment of social security benefits to persons over 65 who earn up to \$200 a month.

Kersten has a novel and interesting theory about taxes. He believes that when the time comes that taxes can be reduced, the reductions should be managed in a way to encourage firms and individuals to un-

dertake worthwhile social projects. For instance, firms would be granted attractive deductions for maintaining pension and medical programs, individuals would be granted deductions for hospital and medical insurance, and for the cost of sending their children to college. Thus, he feels, the Government by encouraging private initiative, would accomplish the social reforms it tried to do directly under the New and the Fair Deals.

BUT Kersten is a realist. He sees little possibility of substantial tax reduction until the Communist conspiracy has been destroyed. And he believes that the way to destroy it is to encourage resistance behind the Iron Curtain. He feels the recent riots in East Germany are the most hopeful developments since the end of World War II.

As one means of encouraging resistance in the satellite states, and particularly defection in their armed forces, Kersten attached an amendment to the MSA bill two years ago setting aside \$100,000,000 to organize, under the NATO, military units of refugees and escapees from the Iron Curtain countries. Separate units would be set up for each country under its own national flag, thus appealing to members of the armed forces in those countries to flee to

Western Europe and join the free forces working for the liberation of their nation. Thus far, however, because of the fears of our allies at any positive act which might offend the Kremlin, nothing has been done to implement this section of the MSA law, and the \$100,000,000 was carried over to the current fiscal year.

Kersten, however, does not share the suspicion of some of his colleagues that the foreign policy of President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles is merely a continuation of the old Truman-Acheson policy. He feels that the new administration is moving slowly in foreign fields, lest it blunder into disaster. But he is firmly convinced that positive programs are taking shape, not simply to contain Communism, but to smash the conspiracy, everywhere — and to do so without engaging in atomic war.

And if this proves to be true, the voters of the Fifth District of Wisconsin can be sure of two things: That their representative in Congress will be playing an important — but probably a very quiet — role in helping to shape the new policy. And that when the pressure gets too heavy for mere mortal man, Charley Kersten will simply roll out the old marimba, and the family will gather around for an evening of music and song.



Grand Canyon GRANDEUR

BY RUSSELL NEWBOLD

IT WAS at sunrise of a beautiful, autumn morning that I looked for the first time into the purple depth of the Grand Canyon. Then I beheld what to me far surpassed in impressiveness all else I have ever seen. There was no glimpse or suggestion of what lay ahead until I reached the brink of the mighty chasm, when, with startling suddenness, it came into view like a vast panorama flashed on a screen.

No painter's brush has ever done it justice. No pen has adequately described its majesty and glory. To know the Grand Canyon as it is, one must stand at its rim and gaze into its vastness. When you have done this and turn to depart, you feel that you carry with you its awful secret — for no one can ever tell to others the sublime and solemn truths it whispers into the soul.

Looking into the Grand Canyon is like peering into the face of eternity. Neither the vision nor the thought can encompass it; nor can the human understanding conceive its beginning or end, its plan or its purpose. Age and youth, wise men and fools stand alike and gaze in dumb bewilderment.

When I was told the length, width and depth of the great chasm and I realized that the main range of the Allegheny Mountains for a stretch of two hundred miles, if lifted from its foundation and dumped into the Canyon, would not half fill the colossal cavity, its dimensions stunned my mind.

Forgotten in my reckonings and meditations was the answer to my inquiring, stirred soul — the omnipotence of the hand that fashioned it.

It matters not how it came into being, whether formed by the Creator just as we find it or worn to its depth by the tireless flow of a stream that has run its length through all the countless ages; it tells the same story of God's infinity — in the one case infinite in His power, in the other infinite in His patience.

No service of the sanctuary ever filled me with so real a sense of my own utter helplessness as did the splendor of that vision, seen from the rim of the Canyon in the stillness of morning. If you should ever be afflicted with pride or a sense of importance, go look into the depths of the Grand Canyon and be forever healed.



Mutiny on the *Stingray*

BY JON J. WHEATLEY

AS SOON as he was demobilized after the war, my father bought a yacht, the *Stingray*, which the Navy had just de-requisitioned. Other disturbances had beset my family during the previous years — serious illness, the war and similar — but nothing to equal this. It wasn't even that we couldn't afford a yacht, for the only Englishmen who made money during the war were those in business and my father had been nothing but a junior officer having a good time in Italy. But we were going to make a good thing out of the yacht. By living permanently afloat it is possible to save money on rates and taxes. So we were to move out of our comfortable house a short distance from London and live, instead, on the *Stingray*.

Of its sort, it was a good yacht. Made in Holland, metal-hulled, fifty feet long, it would have made a lovely pleasure cruiser for a two-week jaunt to France. But to live on it was far from satisfactory. On first glance

this might seem to be unnecessarily pessimistic. It had three cabins, one for each of us, a galley, a bathroom with a real bath, a saloon. But first glances are apt to be deceptive. In this case it is almost certain that you would overlook the fact that my cabin, small to begin with, was also the larder and chain locker. And the bed, a pipe cot, was slung so near the ceiling that every time I raised my head, I struck it against a singularly unresilient girder. To place it nearer the deck was impossible as the ship had a fine flair, reducing my floor space to three or four square feet.

I knew of my father's intentions but I was unable to appreciate them fully until I returned from school for the summer holidays. The moving had been completed; the house sold; all our belongings were on the yacht — or, at any rate, all my father's. Most of my belongings had been given away, and also my mother's. Every available compartment on the yacht was filled to bursting



point with my father's tools, clothes and books. My mother's piano could not be accommodated, of course, nor my dog. But these were unimportant details, he informed us. What was a piano compared to an uninhibited life on the ocean wave! Fetter-free, carefree, our life was to become an excellent approximation of heaven upon earth.

WITHIN the first few days I found there were limitations to this very romantic view. The *Stingray* could not be left untenanted for more than an hour or the tide would rise and sink her, or drop and leave her suspended by her warps. But it had its metal hull, which meant that we could cruise the Mediterranean without fear of having the bottom eaten away by termites. This metal hull, of course, also meant that the sides sweated in our English climate, leaving a layer of dampness over everything inside. But in the hot climate of the south of France this would stop. We might have to put up with trifling inconveniences while we were on the dirty old Thames — but once let us cross France by the canals and all would certainly be well.

Our departure from the dirty old Thames was delayed considerably. If it wasn't one thing it was another, but mostly it was the engines. These were Junker diesels and despite the fact that they were reputedly the best in the world, we still couldn't get parts out of Germany for them.

They functioned — there was no doubt about that, for the whole shipyard would be covered with black, oily smoke for several hours afterwards — but they did not function correctly. The exact intricacies I never discovered, but there was certainly something the matter. The noise they made was rather akin to a steam engine trying to pull a long freight. There would first be a very slow beat, then, suddenly, they would race. Then back to the slow beat again. The whole ship vibrated in sympathy with their labors.

However, by halfway through my summer holidays, the yacht was pronounced seaworthy by my father and at five o'clock one morning we headed down the Thames — the carefree life apparently included getting up at this ungodly hour, for ships must catch the tide. The engines were beating away beneath us in a very healthy style. The smoke which we left behind us in the still morning air was white, or anyway gray, as it should have been and we were getting all of five knots out of the yacht. London came and went; the historic Tower Bridge was passed with little more than a quick glance as we were busy eating our breakfast, and we kept the bow resolutely seawards. My father, who is incapable of doing anything by halves, had determined we should reach Dover that night, late that night. From there we would sail to Boulogne and from there . . . we decided we'd get to Boulogne first

and worry about the next stop thereafter.

ONCE out of the Thames mouth, we were in the open sea. And the open sea, being what it is, rolled us about a good deal. This the engines did not appreciate. Within minutes our gray vapor trail became a thick, black cloud, clinging to the water and spreading out like a jelly that won't hold together. My father left us at the controls and disappeared below the wheelhouse floor to investigate the trouble. Again we heard the spasmodic whirring and laboring we had come to know so well while moored in the shipyard. The gear lever shot back and caught me smartly on the knee. The smoke behind grew blacker and oilier.

Half an hour later my father put his head up for air and announced that he'd shut one of the engines down. He was afraid that if he didn't do so, it would become permanently damaged. My mother and I both pointed out that if he found it necessary to shut the other one down for the same reason both the yacht and ourselves would become so badly battered on the nearby sandbanks as to become permanently damaged. Nevertheless we struggled along manfully on our one ailing engine till we got outside Ramsgate about six o'clock that evening. My father was all for pushing on to Dover; the crew, comprising my mother and myself, were not. We put into Ramsgate.

A week later, after a great deal of cajoling and swearing at the engines, we set out for Dover. It was a short run, excellently buoyed, and the engines were pronounced up to scratch. It was a beautiful summer's morning. And the sea was calm. On the right sort of a day a yacht can be almost as comfortable and pleasant as a normal house on shore.

But good things never seem to last. By eight o'clock the mist had lifted and the sea breeze started. It was not a strong breeze but the Channel is shallow and it takes very little atmospheric disturbance to produce a swell. And with the swell came trouble. Not trouble with our stomachs—it was far less rough than it had been the day we left the Thames, but trouble with the engines. Again my father disappeared below the wheelhouse floor as the smoke got blacker. But the situation had ceased to be humorous, and it was a grim-faced three that hobbled finally into Dover.

Dover is not as nice a town as Ramsgate. The harbor was built as a naval base during the first World War and I dare say it would suit cruisers and destroyers admirably. But for a small yacht it seemed, and behaved, like a miniature ocean. There was a perpetual swell. We could never eat off the table; the stove was all but useless; we had to tie ourselves into bed. And unlike Ramsgate, there was no comfortable inner harbor where the water level doesn't alter. Every hour someone

had to be around to take in or let out the warps.

IN A few days the engines were again pronounced fit for use, but the sea outside was not. Nevertheless, my father was all for starting out for Boulogne at once.

"No," said my mother. "There's two-thirds of a gale blowing outside and both the engines will probably conk out. We stay here today."

In a distinctly strained silence my mother went below to get the lunch.

"But I want to try the engines out in some bad weather," said my father. There was no reply.

I was sitting on the seat at the back of the wheelhouse, careful to say nothing. I knew exactly how dangerous these family differences can be. I watched my father's face as it showed frustration and then — decision. A banging of pots and pans could be heard from the galley.

Stealthily my father moved forward and cast off the spring line. He arranged the other warps so they could be cast off from the ship and pulled aboard from round the bollards on shore. He started the engines. None of this evoked comment from my mother as she could not see what he had done with the warps and she was used to the engines being tried out all the time. Again my father moved forward and cast off the bow line. Then the stern line. Gently he eased the engines into gear. But they make a different sound when the prop bites the

water. It brought my mother from below like the cork coming out of an old champagne bottle.

"What do you think you're doing, Jim?" she demanded.

"Going to Boulogne."

"I won't have it. Your damned engines'll stop and we'll end up on a reef."

"It isn't all that rough outside," said my father.

"Nonsense. I just heard the weather report. There's a fifty-knot wind out there and it's rising to gale force."

"Look," said my father, speaking slowly so he could not be misunderstood. "I'm captain of this ship and you're mate. The front end's your domain. Now you go and look after your part of the ship," he said, pointing forward, "and I'll look after mine."

Before more could be said on either side, my mother left the wheelhouse and walked forward along the deck. We were approaching the mouth of the harbor, and I saw her look down into the water as if trying to judge its depth. Then she kicked the catch on the winch to release the anchor chain. There was a splash and a roar as it disappeared down the hawser-hole.

"What the hell are you doing?" yelled my father, leaning out of the wheelhouse door.

"I'm anchoring my end of the ship," said my mother. "You can do what you please with your end. And then I'm going ashore to rent a house."



My Father's Irish Liberty Bonds

BY H. O. PATRICK

IT is doubtful that any of Eamon deValera's political enemies — either Irish or British — have ever cherished as deep and bitter and unrelenting a hatred for the Irish Prime Minister as did my late father, and certainly none for so strange a reason.

It all went back to those days in the early 1920's which the Irish still refer to as "The Trouble." DeValera, the American-born head of the Irish revolutionaries and the hero of all the American Irish, had come to this country to raise funds for the outlawed Irish Republican Army. My father and his good friend Monaghan — two great Irish patriots who had never been closer to the Old Sod than Hoboken, N. J. — went to a meeting to hear the rebel leader speak. Just by chance they passed a speakeasy on the way, and

stopped in for a drop or two to fortify themselves against an evening of speechmaking.

All of this happened in one of the few affluent periods of my father's life. Business was booming. He was making pots of money. He was filled with that fine expansive feeling that comes only to an Irishman who has a checkbook in his pocket and money in the bank, and who has just partaken of liberal quantities of Tony's homemade bathtub gin, washed down with Tony's homemade Dago Red.

And out of the combined inspiration of Tony's alcohol and deValera's oratory, my father climaxed the evening by subscribing for \$1,000 worth of Irish Liberty Bonds. It was a fine, patriotic gesture which the next morning inspired a flow of an entirely different

kind of oratory from my good mother, whose eloquence and endurance that day made the great Eamon deValera seem like a tongue-tied schoolboy. It was a speech that she was to repeat over and over again for the sole benefit of my father whenever the mood seized her during the months and years to come, which it frequently did, especially during the late 1920's and early 1930's, when business was no longer booming and my father was no longer making pots of money.

IT WAS after listening to one of those fervent, two-hour lectures that my father turned to his old friend, Mr. Samuel Rosenthal, for consolation. Mr. Rosenthal listened with interest and sympathy to the tale of my father's fine, patriotic gesture, and his complaints of the lack of understanding and high spiritual qualities of the womenfolk.

"And what did you do with your Irish Liberty Bonds?" Rosenthal asked.

"I hid them in the attic, out of that woman's sight," my father replied with some feeling. "They'll be a sort of a keepsake for my grandchildren, maybe, to remind them of the contribution their grandfather made to The Cause."

Mr. Rosenthal, a canny man where such things as bonds and investments were concerned, fixed his eyes blandly on the ceiling.

"Why don't you sell them?" he asked.

"Sell them!" my father snorted. "Who'd buy the damned things? They're not worth anything. It was just a contribution to The Cause."

"I'll give you ten cents on the dollar," said Rosenthal.

"Sammy, you're a damned fool," my father said, a hopeful gleam in his eye. For years he had been trying, with marked lack of success, to get the best of his good friend Rosenthal in a business deal.

"I'll buy the bonds," said Rosenthal, and he did, for \$100.

And two years later, almost to the day, deValera's new Irish Free State government redeemed the bonds, and paid one hundred cents on the dollar, plus interest. Mr. Rosenthal's \$100 investment earned him a net of nearly \$1,500.

My father never forgave Eamon deValera to the day he died. In his later years he used to drop into the neighborhood saloon, take a lone table off in the corner to brood with bitter melancholy over the strange perfidy of the man the Irish call the Taoiseach. And invariably, after some six or seven drinks, my father would suddenly point an accusing finger at some startled stranger.

"The British never paid their debts, did they?" the old man would say. "The French never paid their debts, did they? The Germans and the Italians and the Belgians didn't pay their debts, did they?"

"Then why in hell do the damned Irish have to pay their debts?"

CALENDAR CONFUSION

By Danetta Jennings

1953 NOVEMBER 1953						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30

ARE YOU running short of time? Do the days seem too few, or too short? Don't blame yourself; blame your calendar. History has proven our present calendar unsatisfactory. Astronomers say that it really is time for a change!

Among the great variety of calendars of the past are three principal types: the luni-solar, which tries to keep step with both the sun and moon; the lunar calendar, which keeps step with the phases of the moon only; and the calendar which keeps step with the sun, or seasons. These calendars were used in ancient times. The earliest development among them known to man occurred in 3500 B.C.

The Sumerians along the Tigris-Euphrates valleys had a year of 354 days, following the luni-solar system. To make up the 11 days missed each year the Sumerians invented an extra month about every third year to get the calendar back in step with the season. The system is still used today as the Jewish religious calendar.

Some of the ancient calendars

were strictly lunar — that is, they made no effort to keep the length of the year in step with the seasons. The Mohammedans use this system. This calendar behaves like a clock running fast, gaining about one month every three years, or one year every thirty-three. If we began to use such a calendar today, in seventeen years it would say January at the beginning of summer.

The third type of calendar was developed very early in the civilization of the Egyptians. Their culture was chiefly agricultural, and was greatly influenced by the behavior of the River Nile. Each year this river overflows its banks, flooding the surrounding country and depositing there the rich mud and silt which has made this region so fertile. After the waters have receded, the Egyptian farmers plant and harvest their crops. So important was this cycle to them that the early Egyptians recognized only three seasons, which they called: Inundation, Coming Forth, and Harvest.

They were able to measure the length of the year with considerable

accuracy, placing it at 365 days, about one-quarter of a day short of the true value. In 4236 B.C. they abandoned the moon-month, and adopted a year of twelve 30-day months, with at the end of the year a period of five feast-days which were not part of any month. They also created the idea of Leap Year, which made their year only about eleven minutes in error.

THIS was the beginning of our calendar, although we did not receive it directly from the Egyptians, but in a roundabout way through the Romans.

The early Roman calendar was of the luni-solar type like the Jewish calendar, but there were no regular rules about when the extra months should be inserted to keep the calendar in line with the seasons. It was up to the authorities to see that an extra month was inserted whenever the calendar had become a month fast. There was a good deal of carelessness about this, and occasionally the calendar became the tool of the politicians, who would add extra months to the year to extend their terms of office!

When Julius Caesar came to power, the calendar had been so poorly managed that it was a whole season wrong; that is, the calendar indicated the beginning of spring when it was really the beginning of winter. Caesar saw the necessity for improvement and the great advantages to be gained by having a uni-

form administration of the calendar throughout the Roman Empire, so he decided to construct the best possible calendar. He called an astronomer, Sosigenes, from Alexandria in Egypt for advice and assistance, and they designed what is now called the Julian calendar.

The average length of the year was made $365\frac{1}{4}$ days. To accomplish this, every fourth year had 366 days while the others had 365, and it was believed that this would always keep the calendar in step with the seasons. The moon was discarded entirely, and instead of keeping step with the phases of the moon, the months were made one-twelfth of a year in length.

The early Christian calendar had no week, nor names for the days. The week with its day names was introduced in the year 325 A.D. by the Emperor Constantine, who was converted to Christianity in the year 312 A.D.

From the point of view of the business world, the calendar is still capable of considerable improvement. An ordinary year consists of 52 weeks and one day over, so that the weeks do not fit each year in the same way, giving seven different arrangements. If we consider Leap Years also, the number of arrangements increases to fourteen. These fourteen different kinds of years or calendars follow each other in a cycle which does not repeat itself until 400 years have passed. If every year were 364 days long, all would be

alike. Another defect of our calendar is that the two "halves" are not equal to each other, nor are the four "quarters" equal to each other. The individual quarters contain either 90, 91, or 92 days. Because of the shifting weeks, the number of working days is unevenly distributed among the months, ranging from 24 to 27.

TO CORRECT these defects, a calendar of thirteen months was suggested nearly one hundred years ago by Auguste Comte. Each month would start on a Sunday and would be exactly like every other month. Undoubtedly there would be great resistance to the change from twelve to thirteen months, but there is another proposed calendar which has nearly all the advantages of this one, yet involves less change.

This is the World Calendar, and it requires an odd day at the end of the year, a day which is not part of any month or week. Any new calendar must include this feature, otherwise the benefits to be gained would not offset the trouble of making the change. Six months of the present calendar remain unchanged. There are slight changes in the others, involving the shifting of only eight days. The advantages of this calendar are as follows:

1. The two halves of the year are exactly alike.
2. The four quarters of the year are exactly alike with respect to number of days and of business days.

3. There are exactly 13 weeks in each quarter.
4. There are the same number of working days in each month.
5. All years will be the same, so that a given date always comes on the same day of the week.
6. The adoption of this calendar would make possible the fixing of dates of the church festivals and holidays of all kinds.

For example, Easter now comes anywhere from March 22 to April 25. With the World Calendar, it would come on April 8 always, only one day away from the actual anniversary, April 9. It would be possible to arrange many holidays so that they would come on Mondays always, thus giving several three-day holidays during the year. This calendar has the approval of most of the important Protestant Churches, and of the Catholic Church. It is favored by the world of science, and of business. Several national governments have approved it, and it seemed to be well on its way to adoption when the war stopped all such progress.

Astronomers hope that if this calendar is adopted in the future, the world will benefit from the lessons of the past, and that the change will not be made until we are ready to adopt it all over the world at the same time, so that the benefits to be derived from the new calendar will not be outweighed by the same kind of confusion that has resulted from past changes in the calendar.



The Lost Art of Parody

BY JOHN GOLDSTROM



PARODIES of songs and poems were popular at the turn of the century. Minstrel, musical comedy, vaudeville and burlesque comedians sang them to the delight of audiences unworried by world wars. The late Lew Dockstader, perhaps the best of the blackface comedians of that day, was one of the principal exponents of the topical, and therefore ephemeral, parody.

Like travesty, parody is a lost art. Most parodies, even when exceptionally amusing and popular, lasted about as long as a radio or juke-box song hit of today. Few had any literary merit, but there were exceptions of high distinction. When Dockstader was popularizing his "Everybody Works But Father," which was not a parody but a long-time song hit, its rendition in Pittsburgh inspired his friend, Arthur G. Burgoyne, poetic columnist of the *Chronicle Telegraph*, to parodyize it in classical style.

His parodies on "Everybody

Works But Father" in the manner of Homer, Baudelaire, Longfellow, Whitman, and W. S. Gilbert and others, were published for private circulation by admiring friends and entitled *Stolen Goods*. For the edification of members of the present generation who may not know the original lyrics, they are quoted herewith:

*Everybody works but father;
He sits at home all day,
Feet upon the mantle,
Smoking his pipe of clay.
Mother she takes in washing,
So does Sister Ann;
Everybody works in our house
But our old man.*

Burgoyne wrote in an introduction: "The most popular of American poems is a rank plagiarism . . . The proof is herewith appended. Careful research on the part of the writer has revealed that the theme most beloved of the populace of this broad land has been borrowed, not

once, but over and over again; that it has been bandied about from poet to poet, until finally, with nothing but a change of meter to conceal its identity, it has been unloaded on the trustful American public and accepted as a novelty. Its successive developments, with the names of its various sponsors, are as follows:

HOMER

*Fierce was the wrath of Achilles. He
saw in the family mansion
Mother bent low o'er the tub in
pursuit of her job as a laundress;
Likewise ox-eyed Sister Ann, while the
sire with his feet on the mantel
Blew from a bowl argillaceous a series
of clouds azure-tinted.
Seeing that all were at work but the
languorous masculine parent,
Oh, but the hero waxed hot, and the
phrases profane that he uttered
Rang to the skies overhead and away
o'er the sea hollow-sounding.*

BAUDELAIRE

*I dreamed last night that in a noisome
den
I saw — Oh, soul of me, what saw'st
thou then?
A weird witch, rude and horrible to see.
She mumbled as she washed her lin-
gerie.
I saw — Oh, brain of mine, didst tell
me true? —
A maid that joys of girlhood never
knew.
The rags she squeezed and ironed in
despair —
Mort de ma vie! — were Father's
underwear.
Black night came on me, made my
senses reel.*

*I saw the Father at his all-day spiel.
The brûle-gueule in his mouth, his
feet propped high.
Spectre, avault! — Le vieillard sans
travail.*

LONGFELLOW

*When the warriors of the nations,
Stained with blood, came back from
battle,
Scornfully their way they wended
To the lodge of old Noworkis.
There they threw their shirts of deerskin
To the squaw antique and hideous.
Wearily she took in washing;
So did Sister Anniehaha.
Scornfully they saw the Old Man
With his feet against the smoke-flue,
Blowing clouds from out his smoke-
pipe.
Frowning, ev'ryone departed
Saying, "In that wretched wigwam
All must toil except Noworkis."
"He's a hardnut," said the pine trees.
"He's a loafer," said the water.*

WHITMAN

*Out of the heart of me
Wells this song, the song of the toilers,
Song of the careworn mother, over the
clothes in the washtub bending.
The sight of her fills me with vast
elemental sympathy.
Also, my sister Anna, brought up to
laundry work,
Brought up to patient endurance, to
yielding of life like a martyr.
Also my father, who works not, but
with soul incapable of virile emotion,
Sits with his feet perched high; imper-
turbed, lost, rapt, his clay pipe
luxuriously puffing.
O my song, my plaint! No sunshine is
in it.
Whoever you are — What can I offer*

*you but ashes — no joy, no music;
Only a house, poverty-stricken, where
all hands work but the Father.
Into the street I rush, and shout in the
madness of sorrow.*

W. S. GILBERT

*If ever round our domicile you chance
to be a-wandering
You'll probably find Mother in the
poignant throes of laundering.
Along with Sister Anna, she does up
the household lincery,
Not seeming to experience the faintest
sense of injury.
Meanwhile the Aged Person who looks
after us paternally
With feet upon the mantel sits and puffs
his clay infernally.
And since, while others toil, he puts all
thoughts of labor far aside,
Don't blame us if we meditate a mild
attempt at parricide.*

"Out of which has been generated," wrote Burgoyne, "the great American lyric, made illustrious by Lew Dockstader, 'Everybody Works But Father.'"

AROUND 1908, about the time when Burgoyne wrote those parodies, Parisian fashion dictated that ladies dye their hair the color of their evening gowns. Parodying "Darling, I am growing old/Silver hairs among the gold," the "Prof" wrote in his column —

*Darling, I am on the blink;
Purple hairs among the pink.*

Once, moved by a rising suicide rate in Allegheny, which is now

Pittsburgh's North Side, the "Prof" wrote a sympathetic soliloquy about it:

*Short is the span of human life,
In Allegheny.
Brightly gleams the butcher knife,
In Allegheny.
Filled with remorse and beer,
Another citizen — dear, dear! —
Has slit himself from ear to ear,
In Allegheny.
Who speaks of Love, or Life, or Hope,
In Allegheny?
What's this? — another dangling rope,
In Allegheny.
Another brother, bowed with toil,
And grief upon earth's sordid soil,
Has shuffled off this Mortal Coil,
In Allegheny.
Convenient is the poison store,
In Allegheny.
Wide open stands the druggist's door,
In Allegheny.
Brawls and rude domestic spats,
And jim-jams bred of frequent bats,
Lead oftentimes to Rough-on-Rats,
In Allegheny.
Deep are the sorrows of the soul,
In Allegheny.
And dark and deep the river's roll,
In Allegheny.
Filled with penitence and booze,
Off come hat, coat, vest and shoes,
And one more citizen we lose,
In Allegheny.*

But somehow with the death of Burgoyne in 1913, the gentle art began to decline. No new masters of parody appeared, and with the chaos of social change following World War I, the parody was all but forgotten.

Letter from Tahiti

By WILLIAM HORNBERG

I HAD BEEN in Tahiti six months when a well-meaning acquaintance lent me half a dozen books describing the place. Having absorbed all the small-town gossip which seems to be the national pastime there, I thought I knew all that was worth knowing about anybody, how much every pretender owed rather than possessed, how he lived and with whom, et cetera. But believing that every book deserves at least a casual perusal, I tried to interest myself in those of my friend's choice.

They were all written by Americans. They were all grander ballyhoo of an over-rated resort than even paid copywriters in the employ of travel promoters could have disgorged. Some were lavishly illustrated with posed photographs of girls in a state of undress that has not been permitted since missionaries started to Christianize the South Seas. Papeete was called "the emotional capital of the Pacific," whatever that means. I showed this to a Frenchman long since disillusioned about his country's colony. "*Capital de crasse!*" was his indignant reply. "Capital of filth, that is what it is."



One writer must have had a natural instinct for the obvious. He only mentioned those of his compatriots resident on the island by whom he had been well entertained. The reader was given the impression that they were all great and outstanding in their particular fields of endeavor; that the honky-tonk musician who had probably starved in America was a virtuoso; that his bar with the most shopworn of ladies of professional unchastity was on a plane with the Stork Club; and that the signwriter with no freehand-drawing ability whatever, who did a lucrative business selling paintings copied from photographs with the aid of a projector, was a fine artist.

All the books made much of the glowing sunsets and exotic sunrises. Not one mentioned the far too numerous elephantiasis sufferers one sees trudging along the streets, the impecunious ones who cannot afford a journey to cooler climes for six months in order to be cured, and have to be satisfied with treatment in the city clinic where their monstrously swollen limbs are bandaged regularly. Nor did any of the authors

consider it necessary to disclose the fact that the friendly Polynesian smile reveals horribly bad teeth, caused, it is said, by the calcium-poor soil of the islands.

SINCE the time of their discovery, the tropical islands of the South Pacific Ocean have lured artists, writers, and plain beachcombers. *Soif des îles* — thirst for the islands — is the phrase the French have coined for it.

To arrive in Tahiti in the early morning after a sea voyage from colder climes is an unforgettable experience. The green island rising from the turquoise sea truly savors of a paradise. The jagged pinnacles in a cleft of the mountains behind Papeete, free of clouds in the early morning sun, suggest a crown. It is the crown of a goddess, *le diadème de Tahiti*, the islanders call it. Later in the day it is usually enshrouded by a mist of clouds.

Twenty-odd years ago, an American journalist described Tahiti as a beautiful goddess with her head in the clouds and the hem of her veil in a cesspool. An offended government promptly ordered him to leave the colony for this sacrilege. Debunking what the postal cachets term "the pearl of the Pacific" means today what it did then: expulsion by first available transportation.

Influenced by the sudden transition, the traveler cannot help being enchanted, on arrival. The gaiety

and light-heartedness of the natives are a pleasant change from our careworn Western civilization. Their colorful clothes, whether it be the men's Hawaiian-style shirts or the tasteful, Paris-inspired dresses of the women, are a delight to the eye. Almost everyone in his or her particular way is fit to be an artist's model.

Those who were here a dozen years ago will miss the flamboyant trees that shaded the streets and, when seen from the sea, made the town look like an immense garden of red flowers. They had to be chopped down because the petals littering the streets made too much work for the sweepers.

Another sight that will astound the returning visitor is the number of motorcars and bicycles that clutter the narrow roads. Boom prices received for copra brought these luxury articles previously seen only in the films in Tahiti's one and only movie house.

Today, motion pictures are shown in every village of the island. The largest of Chryslers are parked next to the humblest of native dwellings, while the sober French, including the governor, are satisfied with the smallest of Citroëns. No place the size of Papeete has so many bicycles or so many noisy motorcycles.

The natives who, some years ago, walked fifteen miles to town, now need a vehicle to carry them from one end of the market to the other. An old resident told me that in fifty

years he had seen them shrink in stature from husky six-footers to undersized runts.

Cyclists and automobilists somehow never collide and the police do not bother to direct traffic. In Nukualofa, capital of the tiny kingdom of Tonga, an *opera bouffe* traffic cop complete with canopy makes a serious job of controlling traffic that consists of one or two trucks and two or three bicycles. One meets with extremes in the selfsame islands of the Pacific.

PROSPERITY is the term used to explain the condition that has brought on the din of automobile horns and unmuffled motorcycle exhausts. But it is a false prosperity because hardly anyone has any money left in the bank. Very often land has been sold or mortgaged to pay for frigidares and motorcars. The amount of credit that is unpaid is appalling. Better restaurants are forced to close because of the credit demanded by customers. (Credit for alcoholic drinks is unlawful and therefore uncollectable.)

With free and easy spending of the copra profits, the cost of living has risen out of all proportion. The charm of Tahiti is in its primitiveness, its houses with thatch roofs, the old inter-island schooners that moor stern-to on the tree-bowered quai. But one tires of the primitive if one has to pay for it as though it were the last word in luxury. I once asked an elderly Frenchman why

anyone came to Tahiti when it really had so little to offer that cannot be had elsewhere for less money. His answer was: "The change of climate and free love." And that about sums it up.

The French, always a very tolerant people, have enforced very few restrictions on natural inclination. Sex life has become so promiscuous that to the more discriminating it ceases to be attractive. Men flaunt their mistresses in public, and women make no secret of the men they keep. In Papeete, with a population of about 12,000, the police have licensed nearly 400 prostitutes who freely lend their cards to others who are not registered. Illegitimate children must easily outnumber the legitimates. Polynesians love children and readily adopt them regardless of parentage. Feeding them is never a problem. The man who has drunk up his wages tells his wife to go into the fertile valleys and pick some of the abundant breadfruit.

Never having known hunger, the Tahitians can't be expected to take work seriously. Domestic servants earning wages a Continental servant would envy are often absent for a fortnight. A Chinese baker with the dough for the next day's bread in the trough is liable, any night of the week, to see his whole staff walk out to an entertainment given for tourists at some hotel a mile away. The Tahitian works hard when he works, but it is not often that he feels in the mood for it, and then the effort

has to be highly rewarded, which probably explains why the local product is far dearer than the imported article. There are lazier natives in the world, but nowhere are they paid such a high premium for inactivity.

LAZINESS seems to be in the Polynesian air. It has bred a specimen of whites who call themselves "nature men." They live on the smaller islands or in the country districts of Tahiti. Some have given up good professions to follow this life. They wear as few clothes as possible and walk on bare feet even in the streets of Papeete. They claim to have discarded all desire for wealth and civilized comfort, preferring to live in a hovel with a native woman who provides food and does all the work.

Just seventy years ago, Robert Louis Stevenson found the inhabitants of the Low Islands, or Tuomotus, to be thrifty people obsessed with the desire to be rich. If R.L.S. were alive today he would see them coming to Papeete and drinking up thousands of dollars in copra proceeds in record time. At heart they are simple, primitive folk. Like most travelers from the other islands, they do not require hotels but sleep in the arcades of the office buildings on the waterfront. By daylight they have disappeared, with their baggage wrapped up in the gay pareu cloth, leaving the cement walk swept spotlessly clean. Their money spent,

one will see them going to church, most of them barefooted, dressed in black clothes of ancient cut, necktie, and a straw hat of the boater type woven patiently by hand many years ago. Unaffected people like these will remain unaffected by the bottom falling out of the copra boom. They will fish and continue to live off their little plots of land. Those to feel it will be the pool hall loafers and city dwellers.

In Papeete, every poolroom idler has the secret ambition of becoming another Al Capone. The Tahitians are snobs from high to low. The high try to outdo one another in flashy cars and the most expensive drink — Scotch whisky. The low look down on a man who has to walk for want of a bicycle. An old island-born Frenchman cited a case in point. During the depression, he once bought 25 francs worth of cheese which, money being scarce, was a luxury and would have to last a few days. A native, shopping at the same time, purchased 50 francs worth and ate it on the spot as if it were cake. After a couple of bites he gave the rest to his dog. This was to show the Chinese shopkeeper that he was a more valuable client than the white man.

The native has learned ways of trade from the white man. The higher the price he demands, the more important he feels. He does not expect to be paid the high price he asks, but he thinks it gives him prestige to ask it. A pearl seller started

off by asking so many thousands of francs that she had to count on her fingers the sum that was too large for her to remember; the next day she returned willing to accept a fraction. I have since lost count of the number of Tahitians who possess real Gauguins which, as a special favor to the overseas visitor, they would consider selling for an amount approaching a king's ransom. If all the pictures in Tahiti purported to be Gauguin's handiwork were truly such, one wonders how the artist found time to sleep after his toil.

When the Polynesian tells stories that are untruthful, it is not from a desire to be dishonest. If he notices that his listener appears to be interested in his tale he will dress it up fantastically for his hearer's entertainment. He is merely developing and testing his talents as a raconteur.

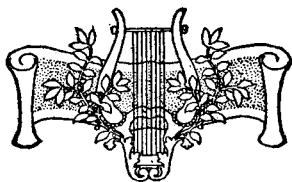
NATIVE dancing is an art seldom seen in Tahiti these days. One has to wait for the celebration of the Fall of the Bastille, July 14. To the French it is a holiday as important as the Fourth of July is to Americans. But the historical significance of the date is unknown to the big majority of French Polynesians. To them it is merely the time of the year when the government, at considerable expense, stages a contest to bring out the best grass-skirted talent of French Oceania. It is called the fete of the 14th of July, but it actually last three weeks — 21 days of drunken revelry. The strip of

grass along the inner harbor is then transformed into a country fair, with try-your-luck games and bars, the government getting back some of its expenditure by charging concessionaires \$2000 rentals for their tiny plots of ground.

The few hotels are unable to house the influx of some 2,000 visitors. The public sanitary conveniences are inadequate. The natives are uninhibited, and the filth left in the wake of the celebration is indescribable.

A traveler should not remain too long in one place. Once the glamor of newness is worn off, one notices the defects, and it is best that he moves on again. I recommend that a few weeks in Tahiti is sufficient for any tourist, and if he has not had enough of tropical scenery he should stay on some of the other islands; not Moorea, which is too close to Papeete and becoming tourist-conscious, but the Leeward Islands of Hyahine and Raiatea. They can be reached in only one night's sailing.

It is in Raiatea that I prefer to go to quench my "*soif des îles*," taking along a good supply of mosquito repellent. If I do not remain more than eighteen months I need not fear the dreaded elephantiasis. The cost of living is still, strangely enough, at a minimum, so that one can be free of material cares. But I feel compassion for those who are compelled to remain, for lack of the wherewithal to board a schooner and return home.



PALM BEACH TROUBADOUR

By John W. Larson

JOE BONNI, whose real name is Joseph Blasius Bonbrest, earns his living in a way that, to most people, would seem pleasant and unharried. He entertains at parties in the stunning mansions of people with wealth and social standing. He does this by singing to his own guitar or banjo accompaniment, usually supported by an accordion and perhaps several other instruments which can also furnish music for dancing.

Bonni says there is scarcely a song he can't sing if asked. And his requests often range from seriously classical to unadulterated honky-tonk. Since it's his job to please clients, he takes extraordinary measures to know almost every tune existing, even to keeping abreast of the latest foreign favorites (he gets along vocally in nine foreign languages). He even has a working arrangement with several ship stewards who bring him the latest popular sheet music from abroad, for a small gratuity. A large measure of his suc-

cess among the well-heeled stems from his ability to remember their special favorites, which he plays without prompting as soon as they enter a party gathering.

The gold-plated, ermine-laden watering places for America's rich, like Hobe Sound, Palm Beach, Aiken, Southampton, Newport, and Watch Hill, are as familiar to Bonni as Coney Island or Jones Beach to the ordinary Manhattan citizen. He speaks with restraint and modesty of entertaining at parties whose guests have numbered such illustrious persons as the Rockefellers and the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. "The Duke," he says, "once sent me a record of one of the Duchess's favorite tunes so I could learn to play it as a surprise for her at a party they were to attend."

Bonni has become, among many society families, almost as necessary as their obstetricians or clergymen. Certainly he occupies nearly as useful a place in their great days — like

births, confirmations, debuts, engagements, and weddings. Each of these demands a party, and Bonni is usually called on to help brighten the festive occasions. "I've followed many youngsters through life, from the day of their births to the day they marry," he comments with paternal satisfaction.

THE Palm Beach Troubadour, as Bonni has sometimes been called, was born fifty-odd years ago in Washington, D. C., of French-Italian parents. He is a good-looking man of average height and solidly built. His dark, wavy hair is tinged with grey at the temples, and his brown eyes are alive and expressive. He wears a meticulously trimmed mustache, and his startlingly white teeth peek out from under an almost perpetual smile.

He took some voice lessons in his native city when he was young. Joe's father, who played the guitar, taught him the rudiments of that instrument. Mostly, though, with the help of standard instruction books, he is self-taught.

At fifteen, Bonni got a job as a machinist in the Washington Navy Yard. His interest in music and entertainment led him to organize a minstrel show among employees there, which was tabbed "Frolic and Tars." During World War I, the revue beat a path up and down the entire eastern seaboard, drumming up sales of Liberty Bonds. Many name stars of the day joined the

show at various cities, and Bonni says the experience gave him a sound knowledge of the entertainment business.

At the end of the war, everyone was more or less at loose ends, looking for something to do and trying to adjust to normal civilian life. Joe, who had always wanted his own band, organized a fifteen-man unit which established itself at the Wardman Park Hotel, in Washington.

About the same time, he enrolled in the school of dentistry at Georgetown University. Bonni's father had wanted Joe to become a dentist, and Joe himself was somewhat intrigued with the notion. But after two years of it, he quit with the firm knowledge that dentistry wasn't for him. His usually cheerful expression becomes noticeably somber when he recalls this experience, one of the few in his life that left an apparent bad taste. "It was too much for me. I was just never cut out for poking around people's molars," he says unhappily.

In 1925, Bonni had his introduction to what today is his specialty. He sang and made music at several society wedding parties, and he claims to have inaugurated the current practice of hovering over the newlyweds while singing an appropriate song just for them.

BONNI and his orchestra performed at the Presidential inaugural balls of Herbert Hoover and Franklin Roosevelt, the first time the lat-

ter was elected. The honor is no small one since many bands feverishly compete for selection. As a result of the Hoover inaugural, he was asked to play for the North Carolina State Industrial Exposition. The governor of the state presented Bonni and his men with the exposition's blue ribbon award for the best musical group participating. "Any-one," the governor remarked, "who can make *my* old toes tingle deserves a reward."

The depression, of course, had little regard for any man's job. Musicians took it on the chin like everyone else. Orchestra bookings fell off so disastrously that Bonni had to abandon his orchestra to look for work as a master of ceremonies in vaudeville. Through coincidence and his own talent, he landed an m.c.'s job at Washington's Earl Theatre which lasted for thirty-six weeks, after which he came to New York. Despite the gloom of the times and the bad outlook, there was apparently still need for entertainment — even if on a modest scale — for Joe again organized a small orchestra and got a spot in the Manhattan Room of the New Yorker Hotel.

When he was at the New Yorker, Bonbrest decided to take the stage name of Bonni, a nickname that friends had given him years before anyway. Fan mail from listeners to his daily broadcast from the hotel came addressed to Bonbrest under frequently startling distortions such as "Bonbread," "Bonebreast," and

even "Bumbust." Joe figured it was time to end such nonsense, so he took the name of Bonni. He's written a number of songs under this name, the only one by which many friends and acquaintances know him.

Shortly after his stint at the New Yorker ended, Joe and his wife and several friends took an auto trip to Aiken, South Carolina. A town of seven thousand or more people, it serves as a popular health and pleasure resort for most of the year. Its beautiful countryside is dotted with large estates, most of whose owners would rather have a horse than a Rolls Royce, although they can afford both with ease. They can also afford an occasional party, as Bonni quickly learned. Aikenites learned about Joe pretty quickly, too. In remarkably short time inhabitants of the plush estates were gaily dancing and singing to the music of Bonni, whose reputation for entertaining at fancy social gatherings skyrocketed.

It would be reasonable to expect that a man who has earned so much of his living entertaining the cream of society might, by now, be vaguely tired of it or even a little sour about it. A friend recently suggested this possibility to Joe. With an almost militant tone, he said: "Entertaining society people has been a wonderful and satisfying way to earn a living. I've never had anything but the best treatment from them, and it's been a pleasure to sing and play for them. Everybody has a grand time. What more can a man ask?"

HOUSES WITH SECRETS

By Trevor Holloway

SECRET rooms, sliding panels, hidden staircases . . . heaven only knows how thriller writers and film people would get along without them. Heroes by the score have arrived on the scene in the nick of time via a sliding panel — or vanished through one as the villain of the piece burst into the room on murder intent.

But if you are under the impression that such romantic ways of escape or concealment exist only in the realm of make-believe, you are very much mistaken. Scores of such secret bolt-holes may still be seen in many of Britain's old castles and country houses today.

In olden days, when civil wars and religious persecutions were rife, there were few important persons who didn't deem it prudent to have some place of refuge or secret way of retreat conveniently at hand. Many of these hideouts and escape routes were the work of an undersized cripple named Nicholas Owen,

a Jesuit carpenter and craftsman without equal in all the land at contriving such places for Catholic priests persecuted during the reign of Elizabeth Tudor.

For years he labored with fanatical energy, ever with a price on his head, until eventually the Queen's ruthless priest-hunters ran him to earth at Hindlip Manor, near the city of Worcester. He was taken to the Tower of London and tortured to death on the dreaded rack — but he refused to betray the priests who had employed him.

When Charles II found it necessary to hide after the defeat at Worcester, the Earl of Derby suggested Boscobel House, Staffordshire, as the safest place, for the mansion was honeycombed with hideouts in case of need. One of these was entered through a sliding panel in the wainscoting, and a trap door could be lifted to reveal a recess five or six feet square. This chamber was connected by steps in



the great chimney to a creeper-clad exit in the garden.

When Charles left Boscobel he went next to Moseley Hall, another house well equipped to harbor fugitives. The hideout here is located at the back of a large brew-house chimney, access to which is through a trap door in the floor of a small cupboard next to the room which the King occupied.

Oftentimes, hiding places such as Owen and his contemporaries constructed were so cleverly devised that they were not discovered until the place was being demolished or undergoing extensive repair. A good example of this was the grim secret of Minster Lovell, once a proud castle but now a pathetic ruin beside the river Windrush, near Witney, Oxford. It is the story of a hiding place that was *too* cunningly devised.

During the Wars of the Roses, young Lovell, grandson of the builder of the old manor house, forsook the Lancastrians and teamed up with Lambert Simnell. After the Battle of Stoke the young Viscount had to flee for his life — and it was back to a secret chamber at Minster Lovell that he fled. Hot on his trail came the King's men, but although they searched the house from cellar to roof, the fugitive's hideout could not be located. All Lovell's servants were killed or taken prisoner for refusing to betray the secret of their master's whereabouts.

That was in the year 1487. Noth-

ing more was seen or heard of young Lovell until 1708. In that year extensive alterations were being made to the house when the workmen came across a concealed passageway leading to a vault below ground level. A lantern was brought and the men peered in. Seated at a table was a skeleton clothed in tattered rags, slumped over a mouldering prayer book in illuminated text. It was the remains of the missing Viscount. With none of his retainers left to operate the complicated mechanism giving access to his place of refuge, Lovell died a lingering death from starvation.

ANOTHER long-forgotten secret room was brought to light when alterations were in progress at Danby Hall, Yorkshire. The workmen were engaged in demolishing an interior wall when to their surprise they found a second wall — a wood-paneled one. Cunningly concealed in the carving of the paneling was a spring-operated mechanism which, when touched, caused a panel to slide aside, revealing a large room furnished in eighteenth century style. In the center of the room was piled up an amazing collection of old swords, pistols and other weapons, as well as many sets of harness — obviously a secret arms dump used by the local supporters of Bonnie Prince Charlie.

Bayons Manor, in Lincolnshire, secretes a particularly ingenious device for safeguarding a fugitive.

In the state room of this old castle is the family coat of arms. When a certain part of this is pressed it silently revolves and sets in motion a mechanism which in its turn reveals a flight of steps.

Maybe it was at Bayons Manor that the expression "Watch your step" originated. At any rate, these particular steps were a fatal trap for the unwary. Tread on the odd-numbered steps — one, three, five, and so on — and all is well. But to tread on any of the even-numbered ones is to set in motion a mechanism which has the effect of causing the staircase to collapse and send the luckless victim headlong down to a stone-floored vault some seventy feet below!

Highwayman Dick Turpin and his partner in crime, Tom King, had many secret hiding places at their disposal. One of these may still be seen in the parlor of the "Green Man" inn at Hatton, Middlesex. The grate-back of the large, old-fashioned fireplace can be moved aside, exposing a hole leading into a snug little chamber large enough to conceal two or even three fugitives comfortably. When the hiding place was discovered a few years ago, two chairs were found in it. So maybe, fortified with tankards of ale, the two romantic highwaymen spent many an hour within when the chase became too hot for their liking.

Compton Wynnyates Manor, in Warwickshire, is one of the "clas-

sics" of British houses with secrets, for it is a complex honeycomb of hideouts and secret passageways. In the paneling of its ancient walls are numerous exits operated by the manipulation of certain carved ornamentations on the woodwork. Some of the sliding panels give access to tunnels leading to the basement, while others afford a way of escape to the roof. Hidden rooms which no one would suspect, and large enough to conceal a dozen or more people, are situated at the top of the house. One of these rooms has a false floor which, when hidden pinion supports were withdrawn, would give way and project the unwary downwards to their doom.

A FEW YEARS AGO an extremely interesting secret chamber was discovered in an old Midland farmhouse. A child playing in an unused part of the house accidentally fell against the oak-paneled wall, and in so doing touched off a hidden spring mechanism. A large section of the paneling slid aside, which gave access to a narrow passageway. Upon investigation this was found to lead to a hidden room about seven feet square situated immediately behind the fireplace. Within the chamber were many valuable books and documents relating to the Civil War.

A particularly interesting feature of this hideout was that if the person in concealment wished to see what was happening in the room beyond he could manipulate a spring

device and the head of a carved bird in the wood paneling over the mantelpiece would move to one side, opening up an inconspicuous but very useful peephole.

Staircases frequently afforded the constructors of secret hiding places a convenient means of devising escape routes. Sometimes a stair tread would be hinged to lift up or swing aside, giving entry to a passageway or hidden chamber.

A good example of this type may be seen at Sawston Hall, Cambridgeshire. At the top of a curious old spiral staircase is a landing, the floorboards of which look quite ordinary. They are — save one — which can be lifted up revealing a tunnel sloping down through the thickness of the wall and which leads to a well-concealed chamber some ten feet square.

AT Prior Hall, Abbot's Salford, are several cunningly concealed hiding places, as well as a secret Roman Catholic chapel. One of the priests' holes is situated in a garret and has what appears to be an ordinary cupboard with three shelves. When an inconspicuous peg is removed the back of the cupboard swings inward, disclosing a recess in which the hunted priest might hide in safety.

For many years an old house a few miles from Oxford had the reputation of being haunted. The people who lived there were often dis-

turbed at night by what sounded like muffled footsteps and the rattling of chains. A new owner came along, bought the place and decided to pull it down. One day, a workman engaged on the job was ripping up the floorboards of the passage leading to the so-called haunted room. The floor suddenly gave way under him and he only just managed to jump clear in time. What had happened was that he had unwittingly released a hidden catch and a section of the floor dropped downwards into a cavity about two feet square.

Naturally, the workmen lost no time investigating and they very soon found that the cavity was the start of a passage that led to a hidden chamber of considerable size. Here, hanging on the wall, they found a sword, a pistol, and an ancient riding cloak heavily trimmed with gold lace such as commonly worn in the time of Charles I.

In the corner of the chamber they found an air shaft leading upwards into a chimney stack. When the wind blew it rattled the sword and pistol and swished the cloak about in a very eerie manner, thus producing sounds like rattling chains and stealthy footsteps. So the "ghost" was well and truly laid!

Secret rooms and sliding panels may be a godsend to writers, but thank goodness we don't *need* such contrivances today!



The Good Provider

By HARRY BOTSFORD

IN THE unsung annals of rural Americana there was an expression of praise seldom encountered these decadent days among farm folk. There was a time when, if you said of a friend or neighbor, "He is a good provider," you heaped upon him about the finest of all rural compliments.

The men I remember were not always pious. Some of them sinned ever and anon with unstinted zest. A few of them indulged deeply in hard cider. But for their sins, the countryside had a ready excuse. "Yes, it's probably true about John, but remember, he is a good provider."

Each Fourth of July, the good provider passed or flunked his "examination papers" for the year, so to speak. He was expected to have spring chickens ready for the skillet; tiny new potatoes, so young they blushed, ready for the pot; and young peas, eager for just a little cookery, fragile and wholly delightful. It helped, too, if there were little onions and hot little radishes for the table. To the credit of the good provider, he usually passed the examination.

The good provider not only grew the usual farm products, but it was his ideology that he should grow the best. His potatoes were a special type; they were large, unadorned by curious knobs and lacking in the scrofulous skin that too often is encountered in the potatoes the grocer sends. They were potatoes that mashed into creamy lightness when cunningly blended with heavy cream, plenty of butter and a frugal teaspoon of onion juice. They were potatoes that baked into mealy succulence, the perfect companion for a slice of pink country-cured ham.

He raised navy beans, and again he sought perfection and abundance. He threshed the beans on a strip of canvas, discarded those that showed any discoloration. The beans were placed in muslin sacks, stored in the dry warmth of the attic. From time to time they appeared on the table. Sometimes it would be in the form of a thick and rich soup, flecked with oddments of a ham hock, perked up by a trifle of grated onion, smoothed by the addition of honest cream. You could take a few bowls of this elegant and

robust soup, a few slices of hot salt-rising bread lavishly spread with fresh butter, a bowl of tangy cole slaw — “Well, there was a danged good supper,” the good provider would remark as he emptied his second cup of coffee and casually added that another piece of apple pie would not be amiss.

THEN, there were baked beans. The appearance of the elderly, fat, brown bean pot on the table was always greeted with broad smiles. The beans were delicately brown, completely whole, endowed with a glorious flavor, supplemented by the liberal chunk of salt pork in their depths. Hot or cold, country folk in my day ate them with pleasure. On the table there would be the inevitable bottle of homemade catsup, lively with spices, genially warm with lurking condiments, and a little of it dolloped on the beans gave them an extra-special flavor, called for encores. The bean pot was naturally flanked by mixed mustard pickles, hot as Hades and always in demand. There would be a small jar of homemade horseradish and once you have tasted the authentic article, insipid commercial products have no charm or piquancy. Obvious other oddments would include tiny green gherkins, pickled in a mild vinegar, fat cucumber pickles pickled to crisp and engaging goodness in vinegar, a little salt and sprays of dill. All these tasted enormously

good with the baked beans. Biscuits, crusty and delicately brown, made with flour from the grain raised on the farm, with buttermilk and home-processed lard, light as a feather.

The good provider always demanded dessert. And got it! With baked beans, I remember that my grandfather would delicately hint that he could do with some hot gingerbread. He liked his topped with whipped cream.

The good provider took a special pride in his meats. In particular was this true of pork. His pigs never resided in a filthy pen; they were given clean quarters, pampered as to diet, grew fat and ponderous by late October when they were mercifully put to the knife.

Hams and bacon went into a barrel of brine, so heavy that it would float an egg. After three days, the brine was drained off, the meat wiped with a damp cloth. The barrel would be scalded, refilled with brine, tempered with a little sugar and saltpeter, a fluid that remained crystal clear until the day the meat had been pickled and partially cured.

Thence to the smoke house for a long period of absorbing the spicy and aromatic smoke from sassafras, pungent and a delight to smell. Meantime, huge outdoor kettles were engaged in making lard from the trimmed-off fat of the pigs. When it was made and cooled, it was white as snow, and the pastry

it eventually graced was as fragile, and a joy to taste.

Odds and ends of lean pork were ground with beef, the mixture was herbed, spiced and seasoned, stuffed in long, narrow muslin bags and hung in the smoke house to attain maturity and a goodness one cannot find today in any commercial sausage. Cakes of it, fried slowly, a gracious brown, were perfect companions to the small, brown-freckled raised buckwheat pancakes people once ate for breakfast.

TO ENTER the cellar of the good provider was an adventure calculated to stimulate the appetite of the gourmet. There on the shelves would be row after row of home-canned fruits, jams, pickles, vegetables.

Along one side would be a literal battalion of fat brown crocks of noble proportions. Lift the cover of one and there would be sweet peppers, a lively green, stuffed with finely diced cabbage, the tops sewn neatly on. The pickle in a sweet, highly spiced vinegar and water, where some grape leaves had been added and lent mysteriously to the unforgettable flavor of the pickled peppers. The good provider didn't have much in the way of our modern salads, aside from the sterling favorite, cole slaw. But these pickled peppers were an adequate substitute. Their taste is difficult to describe — it was so good, so spicy cold. With a thick slice of home-

cured ham, you had one of the happiest of all food combinations.

Other crocks would contain assorted pickles — dill, sweet, and plain sour, puckery cucumbers. On the shelves would be can after can of sliced cucumber pickles, some embraced in a golden mustard sauce, others in vinegar, sugar and mordant spices. In some of the cans there would be chunks of pickles and tiny onions, the last ones harvested before snowfall.

Here would be a barrel of salt pork, cozily reclining in a strong infusion of brine, fat chunks to fish out for baked beans, for chowders, the meat white and firm and glorious when properly cooked.

At last you might reach a barrel on a pedestal, looming in a sinister manner in one dark corner. Hard cider! Spiked with a little "boughten" whiskey, tempered and supplemented and implemented with some whole wheat kernels. That barrel sat there and brooded and chuckled and aged into a liquid that was smooth but endowed with a kick like a mule. The row of tin cups around the top of the barrel were there for a purpose.

The good provider always had a large cellar; he needed it. On one side would be an array of bins. In one would be the gold of gigantic pumpkins; flanking this would be one of Hubbard squash, a hard and solid green, the texture so firm that a saw was required to portion one for cookery. Under the heat of an

oven, the yellow flesh mellowed and became delightfully mealy. Removed from the oven, dressed with a liberal application of butter flavored with onion juice, salted and peppered, the Hubbard squash is almost a collectors' item; it is that rare. But, the taste is distinctive, charming and notable.

THERE would be an outdoor storage shed. The cracks between the boards were purposely wide to admit the cold air. In the shed would be hung fresh meat. There might be half of a prime steer, fattened quickly, the meat beautifully marbled and tender. There would be a strong cutting table and block, and while the cutting up of meat was not precisely expert, you could always wager that the cuts would be generous. From hooks would hang a lamb, ready for the cutting up, the pot or the oven. If the weather unexpectedly turned warm, the good provider went to work promptly. The beef was corned in brine, some of it remained in the brine, emerged as about the best corned beef you ever tasted. Other pieces were lifted from the brine, dried and subjected to the slow, curative smoke from hardwood in the smokehouse, became dried beef of great flavor. The lamb would be cut into serving pieces and the chops were lightly fried, placed in crocks, covered with melted lard that formed an impervious covering. Months and months later, the

family feasted on fried lamb chops that were tender and full of flavor. The balance of the meat was boiled, seasoned, and placed in sterilized cans and tightly sealed — a perfect base for an Irish stew or a meat pie.

The attic in the home of the good provider was a joy to examine. On the rafters would be bunches of sweet-smelling herbs: sage, thyme, sweet basil and bags of geranium and nasturtium leaves contributed to the delicate perfume. There would be bags of navy beans, a crock of dried peas, another of dried apples, bunches of dried garlic — all so tightly sealed with their protective covering that their presence was unsuspected. Here were stored the barrels and casks and bags of wheat flour; the grayish white buckwheat flour, the golden yellow of stone-ground corn meal. Maybe these flours were not as good as our modern fortified flours, but the breads, rolls, cakes, pies, muffins and pancakes made from them seemed to have a very special and toothsome flavor — one I have not encountered for these many years. All the grains had been raised on the farm, ground at the local water mill. There would be burlap bags of butternuts, walnuts and hazelnuts and one of chestnuts, for this was in the happy era before the chestnut blight. There would be ears of popcorn awaiting the blustery night when the children — and the oldsters, too! — craved a dishpan filled with fluffy popcorn, drenched in

butter, salted to a turn; a very nice thing to nibble on when a cold wind pawed impatiently and impotently at the windows. There would be apples to eat, too, and nuts to crack.

There was an abundance of rich milk, cream so thick it had to be spooned. There was no refrigeration, but the spring house, a cool, mossy retreat, built over a brisk and ice-cold spring, provided primitive refrigeration in the summer. There would be shallow pans of milk, surrounded by water. The top would be the cream, yellow and heavy. There would be a crock of butter-milk in the icy water and tin cups for the drinking of it. Flecked with the yellow of butter, it was a brew that can't be bought today. If you looked around, the chances were that you could find a crock of cottage cheese, its serene whiteness flecked with the pale green of minced chives of the tender, finely chopped tops of tiny garden onions. The cottage cheese of the good provider was salted, peppered, graced with more than a modicum of cream and it tasted like the food the gods eat on a sunny day.

IN SEASON, the good provider knew where he could gather a basket of mushrooms and this was a chore he often did just at dawn. Did you ever eat the toast made from home-baked bread, heaped with fresh mushrooms, fried in butter? A tremendously fine breakfast dish! Often the mushrooms would find

themselves in a savory stew or they would cuddle close to chicken breasts browning in a hot oven, basted by a little of the precious hard cider. One recalls those breasts of chicken with strong nostalgia, for they had a flavor that came from the hard cider, and it can't be duplicated these days.

In season, too, the good provider, now that the more pressing of the farm chores were completed, would take his gun and go into the fields and woods and fence corners. He would return, well-laden. There might be ruffed grouse, a couple of rabbits, maybe a half dozen fat gray and black squirrels, or some woodcock.

The good provider probably still exists, but he is called by another name. In his day, he was top man in any rural community. He was pleasantly mated to a competent woman, one who shared his liking for good food, who made it a part of her business to see that it was properly processed or cooked. They brought into this world a brood of robust youngsters, boys and girls who knew something about hard work from personal contact. These youngsters knew that you paid a price for good food, a price that was paid in terms of morning-until-night labor at times. It was paid for in terms of intelligent thinking, wise planning and honest execution.

It seems to me that the good provider was a pretty decent citizen. I'd call him a great guy.

You Bet

BY CARLYLE FOSTER

AFTER listening to many tall tales as told by a group of men who had fished for salmon on the Pacific Coast, a wealthy middle-aged English woman from London, living in New York City during World War II, said to them, "You men are always bragging of your difficulties and successes in catching big salmon on the Pacific Coast. I'll bet you ten dollars that I can go out there and land as big a salmon as any one of you has ever caught."

Of course the bet had to be accepted, for two of the men were members of the famous Tyee Club, whose roster contains the names of anglers from every quarter of the globe. One of these held recognition from the Club as having taken a thirty-six-pound salmon from the waters of the Strait of Georgia, ah arm of the sea lying between the British Columbia mainland and Vancouver Island.

It was agreed that to win the ten dollars the lady was to go, after the war, to the headquarters of the original home of the Tyee Club, located at Campbell River, Vancouver Island. She was to comply with all the rules of the Club; catch, land, and furnish proof of doing so, a salmon that weighed in excess of thirty-six pounds.

After the war, in 1946, this woman and her butler left the expensive

New York hotel where they were living and went to Campbell River. There they stayed at Joe Painter's Lodge, where she paid twenty dollars or more daily for herself and the butler.

She fished in Georgia Strait every day, weather permitting, from the middle of May for about twelve weeks. Her license fee was one dollar a day, and there were other fees, such as boat hire. The butler rowed this boat (power boats were not permitted) sitting stiff and erect, moving only his arms. At meals he served in full uniform just as he would have done in New York. They were odd-appearing people to the fishermen and others around Painter's Lodge, but soon after their arrival all who knew them, and what they were up to, liked them.

From May to August this lady landed no fish that attracted attention for size. But finally, on August 11, she was fishing between the mouth of the Campbell River and Quadra Island, not far south of Semour Narrows, when she pulled in a forty-pound Tyee, or Spring. (This salmon is called in other waters, the "Chinook," or the "Columbia.")

She had a lawyer and a notary run up from Nanaimo, a town lying one hundred miles south of Painter's Lodge, to take legal notice of the catch. She collected the ten dollars.

BETWEEN THE FOREST

By Robert Meyer

BEFORE Leonard Kelzer entered my life, I was an easygoing guy, congenial with my fellow man and tolerant toward his foibles. I had very few of the quirks that mark the usual neurotic behavior of approaching middle age. Now I count cracks in sidewalks, correct people's grammar and drink more coffee than I should.

I trace the present condition of my nerves to the time, shortly after I first met Leonard, when he told me that he was faced with a difficult decision. He couldn't make up his mind whether or not to resign from his job and accept another position that had been offered to him.

After detailing the pros and cons of the question for me, Leonard remarked: "I don't know what to do. I'm between the forest."

This was the first time that I had noticed Leonard's facility for misusing the language. In the months that followed, my wife and I began to refer to his boners simply as "Kelzerisms," much as theatrical columnists refer to "Goldwynisms."

The "between the forest" remark had the effect of making me oversensitive to Leonard's speech habits, a sensitivity that today has me walking the pavements (two steps to each crack) with snatches of inane ditties like "Mairsy Doats" running through my head.

I should explain that the original cause of Leonard's dilemma was the fact that his employer was "nibbling over wages." Leonard was weighing the advantages of leaving him for one who was not.

I fear that I wasn't much help to Leonard in making his decision, for I failed to keep apace of the argument he was waging with himself. Instead, I was trying to determine why "between the forest" should disturb me so much. It was close enough to an accurate expression to make sense (at least its meaning was clear), but I couldn't remember which bromidic expression it was closest to. Kelzerisms affect one in this way.

It is this indefinable something in the texture of Leonard's mistakes

that upsets me. Somewhere under each blunder lies a deeply-buried grain of meaning. Often, during conversations with him, I have found my mind halting upon a particular phrase, trying to impale it mentally on the head of a pin for closer examination, while Leonard races on, many sentences ahead of my attention.

This was especially true one evening when we were having a political argument and Leonard prefaced his views by suggesting: "Let's get down to brass roots."

It was later that same evening, while I was mulling over the phrase "grass tacks" which inexplicably began dancing around in my head, that Leonard related the story of a lady he knows who "had a Syrian baby." This was the same lady who once had had a case of "indolent fever," so perhaps it is true that her baby actually is Syrian, as I am under the impression that similar types of fever often are contracted in far-off corners of the world.

LEONARD likes nothing better than to discuss criminal cases that are current headlines in the press. He reads newspaper accounts of each crime thoroughly before forming any opinions on who is the guilty party, but once he has reached a verdict he is most definite about it. His favorite expression at such times is: "It's an out and outright case."

This is one Kelzerism that I never have been able to fathom com-

pletely. I have thought of all the obvious throwbacks to such common word groups as "out and out case of murder," and "he's downright guilty," but then my mind goes wandering off to such ridiculous phrases as "he's down and outright," "it's an open and shut book," and "it's an up and downright case."

I tell you, after a few hours with Mr. Kelzer, one feels positively "between the forest."

On the most recent occasion that Leonard came to visit me, he arrived by bus because his car was being repaired. As he was leaving that evening, my wife suggested that I walk with him to the corner to the bus stop. While chatting there we noticed two teen-aged boys trying to thumb a ride with passing motorists. I made a casual remark about the large number of hitch-hikers there seemed to be on the streets lately.

"Yes," Leonard agreed. "The neck is full of them."

That one threw me into silent confusion, and I was still ruminating over such possibilities as "this neck of the woods" and "the woods are full of hitch-hikers" when Leonard's bus pulled up to the corner.

Leonard yawned when he wished me goodnight, and as he climbed aboard I heard him shout over his shoulder that he was going home "to the arms of morphine."

I walked home very much between the neck of the forest and I've been that way ever since.

By Frank Baer

THERE ARE DREAMS FOR THE ASKING



FROM the window I can see the façade of the Stephen Decatur House. A man has just crossed the street to a parking lot (a nuisance that Pierre Charles L'Enfant did not anticipate when he designed the city). There is a roar from a point to the east where, one assumes, street repair is going on. Street cars and buses are moving on irregular schedules, but the fact is not important. It is April and spring is here and Washington is *different*. It has shed its winter chill and dampness. It isn't a series of stone buildings jammed with Federal file cases and human ants shuffling papers and files. It isn't Congress or the Supreme Court, or the FBI. It is a place of wonder, of magnificence, of a thousand intangibles that touch your circulation and your imagination.

Here in this legend-haunted crossroads.

There are dreams for the asking,

Dreams of a thousand shapes and shadings.

There is something of the fantastic here

For imagination rides the night sky
And tomorrow will come with gay music.

The ghosts of the five persons who gave Washington its design, character and religion stroll the streets at dusk. If you are one of the fortunate, you will meet them in the more obscure parts of the city. Pierre Charles L'Enfant, who put the plan of Washington on paper (but never was paid for his work by the gallant George Washington and the inventive Mr. Jefferson), made a distinctive contribution to the haunted crossroads: he gave it space and a panoramic quality. Davy Burnes, the Scotsman, who owned the land where the White House now lifts its newly-braced walls, was a farmer; and his gift is the earthy

nature of the city. Stephen Decatur put a fighting insignia practically in front of the President's House all too brief a time before he fell on the dueling ground. The social grandeur (which to Washington is its only true religion) came from Mr. Scotch Thompson, a Georgetown dandy who started his glamor walks in the port's "court section," Cherry Alley; and Peggy Eaton, "the white goddess," who is the only woman ever to smash a President's Cabinet by smiling her sweetest and clothing her superb figure in rags fit to be seen.

One might write a book on Pierre L'Enfant; his life is varied and filled with stirring moments; he was a Frenchman with a mind, a temper, a touch of genius and a bell-crowned hat. But a forgotten man. Tourists come yearly to Washington, tramp the streets, ride the sight-seeing buses, buy cheap trinkets, wait in line to get in the White House, and return home without ever hearing L'Enfant's name mentioned.

As for Burnes, he was, as I have pointed out, a man of the soil. A Scotsman loves the earth; he has a fondness for trees and lakes and rivers. So Davy Burnes was a nature man. In his primitive house which occupied the present site of the Pan American Building on Seventeenth Street, Northwest (not far from the White House), he lived with his daughter, Marcia, who, according to those who knew her, was a beauty, a lady of high quality, a queen of the wilderness that was Washington be-

fore Washington had a street or a dwelling.

No one has taken the time to dig into the genealogical lines of Davy Burnes, so little is known about him. One wonders about his wife and what part she played in his life. Did she influence him when he took such a stand against Washington and Jefferson when they sought his lands? He was obdurate and chesty and frankly said he did not see why his acres should be used as a site for a home to be occupied by the President of the United States.

But give them up he did and on them was constructed a house that has acquired a veneer of legends and tall tales and tragic overtones which fill visitors with awe and not a little wonder as they walk carefully through its rooms and remember the record of the past. But no tourist ever gives a thought to Davy Burnes; no tourist hears his name from the guides who describe the White House to the eager callers.

DECATUR — AH, there is a name and a man to wear it! I have stopped writing to look again through the window upon the house at the corner of Jackson Place and H Street, Northwest, built with the prize money he was awarded for defeating the North African pirates. His house is diagonally across the street from the stiff and somber home of the United States Chamber of Commerce, an air-conditioned mausoleum not exactly fit company

for such a place as Decatur built. It is not, as many suppose, open to the public, so visitors have no opportunity to view its remarkable interior which was so familiar to Martin Van Buren, Amos Kendall (Jackson's "brain"), Henry Clay and Peggy Eaton.

Stephen Decatur was an honorable man who detested cowardice. That is why he did not approve of the conduct of Commodore James Barron when he sat on the board that tried Barron. The accused officer was found guilty of charges presented and he blamed Decatur for action taken. The duel that followed is reported in all the school histories in glamorous detail. Decatur was mortally wounded at Bladensburg (a small village on the outskirts of Washington) and died shortly thereafter in the arms of his wife. He left Washington a sense of honor. Unfortunately it has worn itself thin and shows up now and then with little sheen — a pale homage to Decatur's name.

Now, one comes to Mr. Scotch Thompson.

And the adorable Peggy Eaton!

What figures of distinction they were. What magic glows in broad auras around their names.

Here were two persons who knew exactly what they were about. They recognized the roles they were to play and they played them — *admirably*. There is something to be gained when one knows his or her proper place. Life is easier, more

pleasant, more to the point. Here were two persons — conscious of their own capacities and rights — who loved to act and enjoy their own performances. Who Mr. Scotch Thompson really was — when he strolled the streets of old Georgetown — no one seems to know, but it goes without much debating that a man with such a name might well have been the American Beau Brummel, all the Wilson Mizners to the contrary.

WHEN I first came to Washington — more than a few years ago — and Cherry Alley in Georgetown could be traced in dim outline, I often strolled near the Potomac River below Wisconsin Avenue in a mood that permitted reconstructing the old "court section" of the Maryland port that Mr. Scotch Thompson knew well when he moved with majesty and grace through the streets that bore such fascinating names as Duck Lane and Wapping. When dusk descended in Cherry Alley and the shadows began to gather, I am certain that Mr. Scotch Thompson brushed my sleeve as he passed, smiling and nodding and twirling his gold-topped stick with the dexterity that only a man of such individual accomplishments could employ.

Quite definitely, old Georgetown laid the pattern for a society that kept its galas going through the centuries. Washington was fortunate in having been built right next door

to a Maryland port that had Mr. Scotch Thompson to lead its cottillions.

This fastidious dandy, if one may believe the excerpt from the Mackall book, lived long enough to be a figure during Jefferson's administration — probably his first term. That being true, he was able to turn the social arena over to the dancing daughter of tavernkeeper William O'Neill — the celebrated Peggy, who first married a Timberlake, then an Eaton, and has cut a rollicking path through history as the favorite of Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren.

Peggy was a belle among belles. Her virtues and alleged vices have been the bases for books and films. Her spirit and her vivacity have made history. She was a gay and gorgeous lady in her time and, though the society leaders of the Jackson period opposed her, she was the queen of them all. Van Buren gave his most elegant parties in her honor. The diplomats of the day adored her. She was a lady of quality, a lady who laughed outright at her foes, a lady who was assured of her own importance and that was all that mattered as far as she was concerned.

These, then, are the figures of the past who gave Washington its character and the impetus which carried the city into the nineteenth century. They bequeathed much to

the sprawling metropolis, of which it is said —

This is the town where they make
the rules
And break the rules
And fake the rules.
This is the town where they change
the rules
Without ever telling you why.
This is the town where the game is
played
Where fame is made
Where blame is laid.
This is the town where celebrities
trade
And *how* they trade
And glasses are never let dry!

— more than Mr. Washington, Mr. Jefferson or any of the other giants, so-called, on the historic front.

L'Enfant, Burnes, Decatur, Thompson and Peggy Eaton are the reasons why "there are dreams for the asking . . . in this legend-haunted crossroads." They stocked the place with dreams and when young men and young women from the wide expanses of the country come to Washington — particularly in spring — this dream stockpile is high and open, and youth can take from it what it chooses. Youth does. So do the mature who come with each change of administration. Dreams of power, of fame, of greatness, of public acclaim. All these dream categories are accessible.

Asking is wishing and wishing is narcotic.

Nature's Paradoxical Dimwit

or

The Beast with the Irritable Back

BY JAMES E. LAWRENCE



TAKE a sloth's speed, a skunk's devil-may-care attitude, and the boobishness of a park bear. Combine them with an arrogant ability to overcome insurmountable odds and you are bound to come up with nature's most paradoxical, indestructible creature. That, brother, is the porcupine.

Porky got his name from the French. They call him "spiny pig." But he is also known by an array of other names. Commonly he is referred to as quillpig, hedgehog, urson, and quiller. His scientific name, *Erethizon dorsatum*, means beast with an irritable back.irate dog owners, however, whose pets have been killed or maimed by Porky's quills; and woodsmen whose axe handles have been chewed to bits, use more colorful names.

Although Porky has many aliases, you can never mistake his looks. A clumsy, thickset rodent about thirty inches long, weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds, he is covered with more than 20,000 black-tipped, white-based quills. From a distance he re-

sembles an over-stuffed burr. Up close he looks even more preposterous, because his head and legs are extremely small. Both lack adequate carrying capacity.

But Porky needs no sharp wit nor speedy legs to make his way. His quills are one of the most foolproof bits of protective covering ever bestowed upon a wild creature. His coat not only gives him a fair chance to discourage enemies, but also keeps him afloat should he fall into water; and it cushions his fall when he topples out of trees.

Porky's quills are hollow, tubular, and needle-sharp, with minute barbs at their tips. Containing enough killing power to turn away a grizzly, they have caused the death of animals as ferocious as mountain lions and wolves. Yet Porky's underparts are without protection. Thus the fox, bobcat, and fisher occasionally manage to kill him without suffering much injury. Moreover, he has another weak spot: club him on the tip of his nose and you kill him.

An old woods law, however, re-

spects this weakness and gives Porky a good chance for survival. It states that porcupines should not be harmed because they are the only game a lost person can kill with a stick. But those faced with starvation and forced to resort to porky flesh claim that if they had to do it over again they would rather starve.

ALTHOUGH Porky's puss resembles that of a punch-drunk pugilist, he is by no means a hardened scraper. He would rather watch a fight than participate in one.

No, Porky does not shoot his quills. But it is true that they are easily dislodged. Anyone unfortunate enough to inadvertently lay a hand on this creature's back soon knows the painful consequences of a palm full of porcupine pins. Furthermore, a blow from Porky's tail, where the quills are thickest, longest, and sharpest, leaves a couple of dozen spines where it strikes.

That belief about porcupines felling and devouring entire trees is likewise a lot of nonsense. Porky has a beaver's chisel-like choppers. But there are no records of a porcupine actually gnawing through a tree and felling it. Any tree Porky ever toppled was probably a rotten one that fell from too much swaying, caused by the dimwit doing a softshoe dance in the upper branches while searching for food.

And as for food, Porky confines his appetite to bark and foliage — hemlock and spruce preferred, thank you.

Added to this rather bland diet is an intense craving for salt. Porky will go to almost any risk to obtain it.

Because human perspiration leaves salt deposits on axe handles, canoe paddles, tentpoles, and shovels, Porky gladly passes up steak just to sink his teeth into one of these.

While outdoorsmen are aware of Porky's insatiable salt cravings, they only recently came to agreement about his taste for evergreen foliage. Some branded him a serious competitor for deer browse. Others defended him. They said that because many of the twigs clipped by Porky fall to the ground, he made browse available.

The truth is that porcupine clipplings do attract deer, but that the amount of food Porky drops is insufficient to sustain a deer for very long. He found, moreover, that where deer have plenty of elbow room, Porky's bite on the available browse is of no importance.

Porky roams the woods from the mountains of West Virginia to Central California, and north to the Arctic Circle. He offers the hunter no sport, but claims to give salvation to those lost in the woods. He is not even considered a part of the so-called balance of nature. But this does not faze him in the least. He has a balance of his own that combines lavish protection with a perpetually placid manner. And although known as a boob and a dimwit, he continues to survive in places majestic creatures have long since ceased to travel.



"In one way, it's a good thing you did put off seeing a doctor as long as you did. Five years ago, before we had some of these wonder drugs, I could've given you only six months to live."

Books In Review

BY FRANK S. MEYER



LIBERAL education is education directed not primarily toward acquiring a skill or a profession but toward making the student a wiser, deeper, and better man, nurtured in the traditions of western civilization and of the human race. That kind of education is today in a state of decay, for which many reasons might be assigned.

Albert Lynd, in his heartfelt outcry, **Quackery in the Public Schools** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$3.50) maintains that the fault lies in the ascendancy of a group of experts, the men who call themselves educationists. It is they who control the teacher-training colleges, who staff the administrative positions, and who have steadily been replacing traditional teaching with a shapeless mass of practices derived from Deweyite progressive-educational theories.

They are not teachers. A teacher has the function of carrying the tradition of the past to the young through the medium of a subject

which he knows and relates to the rest of experience. An educationist is a man with no knowledge or understanding to transmit. He is an "expert" on education itself — whatever that may mean. It is the educationists who have invented the "core curriculum," designed to substitute for the traditional subjects such inchoate mixtures as the monstrous "social studies," which replace the disciplines of history and geography with bull-sessions on current affairs and "projects" about the button-hook industry. It is they who have instituted the "child-centered curriculum," which is based on the theory that the culture has nothing to teach and that the "felt needs" of the child are to regulate what he is taught.

Mr. Lynd shows in horrifying detail the boondoggle of courses in education, courses on courses in education, courses on administering courses in education, which they have built up. He describes how their control of the schools enables them

to force more and more teachers to occupy every moment of their spare time taking these incredible courses. That true teachers survive in surprising numbers, despite all the efforts of the administrators, is a miracle. It is, as Mr. Lynd says, quoting Eric Linklater, the only thing which "prevents our established system of education from collapsing into the dust and ashes of the minds that devised it."

Quackery in the Public Schools is excellent as far as it goes. It is well documented and strongly argued. But in his gallant attack upon the cultural emptiness of the educationists, I think Mr. Lynd has failed to see the sources in our society from which they derive their doctrines and their strength. He is undoubtedly right in blaming much of the situation upon the tendency of any group of narrow experts to build up their power and conceal their ignorance. But the cause lies deeper than expertism or the social-work-erish desire of the educationists to regulate the lives of the teachers and their students.

In the traditional structure of western society, the schools shared the task of raising the young with home, church, and the institutions of the crafts and professions. The school was not expected to prepare the student for practical affairs nor to "adjust" him to society. The specific function of the school was to transmit to him the culture which is a man's birthright as a member

of a high civilization, and to train his mind. It is precisely these two functions which the new educationists have repudiated, trespassing instead with total incompetence upon areas which are none of their business.

John Dewey's Influence

The rejection of the tradition of the culture is philosophically based upon the pragmatic-instrumentalist outlook, with its scientistic anti-humanism. But Mr. Lynd writes as though this were unimportant. "It is not improbable," he says, "that John Dewey's educational influence is largely historical accident."

From this lack of understanding of the fundamental cause arises the inadequacy of his proposed solutions: more money for the schools and more attention by parents and other laymen. But neither of these proposals gets anywhere near the root of the problem. The solution can only be a theoretical and philosophical counter-revolution aimed at reversing the theoretical and philosophical revolution carried out by the Deweyites over the past decades.

The influence of laymen will be as beneficial or harmful as is their outlook. After all, the whole structure of P.T.A.'s and "parent-cooperation" is an invention of the educationists themselves. In the palmiest days of the schools, they were run by scholars and teachers; and Mr. Lynd shows a healthy instinct when he stresses again and again that in

large part the teachers themselves are sound, if they were only left free of administrative interference.

As far as money is concerned, in one respect he is probably right. A radical increase in the pay of teachers would undoubtedly improve the situation. But a disproportionate amount of the money spent on the schools now goes for plant and administration, for anything but teachers' salaries. Without a change in approach, it is hard to see how greater expenditure will do anything but swell the power of the educationist bureaucracy.

In spite of its unclarities, this is nevertheless a valuable book. Mr. Lynd's lively and ringing challenge to the medicine men should at least help to shock many people who have not thought a great deal about it, into a consideration of the state of contemporary education.

BERNARD E. MELAND'S *Higher Education and the Human Spirit* (Chicago, \$4.50) is a book of a rather different sort, directed however to the same problem. It is primarily concerned not with the schools, but with the colleges and universities, and it centers about proposals for a reform of their curricula which will overcome the narrowness which have developed. While Dr. Meland does recognize that the growth of administrative preoccupations, upon which Mr. Lynd puts so much emphasis, is a factor in the peculiar situation of

education today, he understands that the important thing is clarity on the aims of education.

Nor does he blind himself to the fact that the attitude of educational institutions is derived from the attitude of the society around them. "In this respect, then, the modern university or college has been but a replica of the culture itself. It has bowed to the science-centered mentality which our industrial age, bent upon productivity, has lifted to dominance." It is, therefore, only by conscious thought directed toward the aim of "the culture of the human spirit" and the rejection of the pragmatic goal of power and success, that the teacher can fulfill his function.

Much that Dr. Meland says as he works out his ideas is, I believe, unduly affected by a desire to find some good in the Deweyite spirit of the times and to make compromises with it. But his thinking is basically contradictory to it, and the book is stimulating throughout, whether or not one agrees with all his conclusions. With his essential thesis, no fault can be found: to "lift the humanities to their proper place in the curriculum as the organizing core of instruction and charge it with the responsibility of searching out and clarifying the meaning of man in his full stature as a human being."

His analysis of the relationship between, and the compatibility of, the spirit of inquiry and the capacity for faith is a resounding rejoinder

to those who insist that the one rules out the other. This insistence, so common today, that faith is the enemy of the freedom of the human spirit, is one of the major weapons of those who are destroying education. Indeed, it is the mutual cultivation of the spirit of inquiry and the capacity for faith, together with right reason, which should be the end of all truly humane education. As it is, one-sided emphases are bringing education to the point where, in Dr. Meland's words, it borders "upon being reduced to a human phase of animal husbandry."

The Measure of Man

So far have we drifted from the ideal of the nurture of the whole man, in our emphasis on the empirical and the practical, that when we think about other civilizations or periods of our own civilization which possessed that balance, we see their wholeness as distortion. The last two or three hundred years, with their technological triumphs — or even the last fifty years, in some of our textbooks — are taken as the measure by which all men everywhere and at all times are to be judged. So the Middle Ages are condemned as a time of impractical mysticism at the best, of darkness and superstition at the worst. And this of an age which pushed the frontiers of civilization east by a thousand miles, threw back or civilized the Northmen, drove the alien civilization of Islam from Europe, drained

the fens and marshes, re-established agriculture, and laid the spiritual and intellectual foundations of western civilization!

One of the most astonishing figures of that age was Bernard of Clairvaux, the "second founder" of the Cistercian order, mystic, logician, organizer, and arbiter of the affairs of kings and potentates. The full force of his many-sided personality speaks directly to the modern reader in a magnificent new translation of his letters, which is appearing in two forms: **The Letters of St. Bernard of Clairvaux**, translated and edited by Bruno Scott James (Regnery, \$10.00) and **St. Bernard of Clairvaux, Seen through his Selected Letters**, translated by Bruno Scott James, with a foreword by Thomas Merton (Regnery, \$3.50).

At no time of his life did St. Bernard have any more powerful a material position than that of abbot of the monastery he had founded at Clairvaux. Yet his moral and intellectual strength was so great that from this obscure position his influence radiated to every corner of Europe and was decisive in settling some of the most important controversies of the age, civil as well as ecclesiastical. Besides his constant absorption in affairs and his ordinary monastic responsibilities, he found time to produce the mass of theological and mystical writings he left behind him and to carry on a voluminous correspondence.

St. Bernard's letters, quite apart

from their wisdom and power, are models of epistolary art. The monotony that sometimes develops when reading a collection of letters is entirely absent, so various are the situations they discuss. Thundering rebukes which, to put it bluntly, knock the heads of princes and popes together, stand side by side with exquisitely delicate letters to a troubled mother or a young man in difficulties, and with messages of intercession for peasant or baron or priest unjustly used by his superiors. While giving the reader the immense satisfaction of intimate contact with a great personality, these letters at the same time open a hundred vistas into medieval life.

Father James has provided sufficient notes to explain unobtrusively what needs explaining; and the solid but resilient style of his translation reproduces admirably the tone and texture of medieval Latin in the hands of a master.

Ancestors

These years, decisive in the formation of medieval society, indeed of western civilization — the eleventh and twelfth centuries — are the subject of R. W. Southern's rich and stimulating book, **The Making of the Middle Ages** (Yale, \$4.00). Mr. Southern possesses a combination of qualities unhappily rare among historians. He has a penetrating, scholarly knowledge of his subject and he also has human insight and limpid style. His scholar-

ship never obtrudes with painful insistence, nor does he yield to the opposite vice of facile, chatty analogy with the modern. Effortlessly he produces the incident, the anecdote, the quotation, which illustrates an historical development or illuminates a social relationship.

This is a very difficult period to write about. Its actual events, dramatic though they sometimes are — the Crusades, the struggle between Empire and Papacy — are not the significant causes of the massive work of construction which went on steadily beneath the surface. It requires an historical ability of a very high order to give a true and convincing picture of these immense developments: "The stabilization of the boundaries of Europe, the slow recovery of political order, and the unprecedented acceleration of economic activity were not only in themselves silent reversals of previous tendencies: they were the conditions which made possible even more secret and momentous changes in thought and feeling, and in the direction of society for both secular and spiritual ends. The results of all this are still with us."

The men of these centuries are our spiritual and cultural ancestors, the true pioneers of our society. This is without question one of the best books ever written about them. With its urbanity and charm, it is one of the most pleasurable books of the year on any subject.

Something of the quality of the

Middle Ages, combining in the most unexpected way robustness and delicacy, still survives among the peasants of Southern Italy. In **An Autumn in Italy** (Devin-Adair, \$3.50) Sean O'Faolain depicts them, age-old and enduring in the midst of Communism, land reform, E.C.A., and motion pictures — living and dying in their land of sun-baked beauty and desolation.

Mr. O'Faolain does not romanticize the Italian peasants, but he vividly conveys their abiding virtues: "They are a stock whose virtues and vices are inextricably mingled. They are conservative, cunning, cautious, looking forty years ahead of every question and forty miles about it on every side. Yet their stubbornness has something almost heroic about it, like some old storm-rocked tree that simply refuses to fall. . . . They are impenetrable, yet one can admire their silence. They are superstitious, yet we should respect even their basest superstitions because they are never vulgar — like the polished superstitions of city folk — and they are always related to some ancient wisdom. . . . They are the rhythm of nature that we have in part escaped and in part perverted."

It is a book which will make anyone with an ounce of nostalgia for the Mediterranean jealous of the author. For his pleasure in the South, however, he has returned just measure with this delightful book. And, wonder of wonders, here is a Euro-

pean who sees what American aid is doing for the peasants of Calabria and says right out that that aid is given "with a generosity without parallel in the history of the world."

The tone of life of the Southern peasant is exquisitely portrayed in Giovanni Verga's **Little Novels of Sicily**, translated by D. H. Lawrence (Grove, \$3.00). These stories of the tillers of vine and olive and grain, of shepherds and land-misers and petty gentry, are filled with a compassionate sympathy for the complexities of man's nature. And over them broods "the solemn and changeless landscape . . . with its large eastward spaces and its hot, robust tones."

It is hard to say exactly what it is that makes these deceptively simple sketches so deeply satisfying. I read them directly after the much-touted **Too Late the Phalarope** by Alan Paton (Scribner, \$3.50). Mr. Paton, who unquestionably is sincerely troubled by the brutal state of affairs which South Africa has inherited from its history, has written a novel about that country which exudes emotion at every pore. One puts it down with the feeling of having spent two hours in the company of an hysterical stranger.

It is meant to be tragic and is only pathetic. It is meant to be deep and is only ponderous. It is meant to be sensitive and is only mawkish. It will, of course, be popular; it has a little something for everybody. There is implicit social protest for

the socially conscious. There is a touch of sex sanctimoniously muted, however, so that the veriest Puritan can enjoy it. For the Freudian, there is the tyrannical father ruining his child's psyche; for the misunderstood, the misunderstanding wife; for the lonely, the all-forgiving aunt.

Yet nowhere in the whole book is there a recognizable human being drawn in depth, or a genuine uninflated human emotion. The only thing that is genuine is Mr. Paton's emotion. The transparent device of telling the story through the lips of one of the characters and couching it in a pseudo-exalted style, cannot conceal the fact that the book is simply the undigested outpouring of the author's excitement.

This inability to objectivize subjective feelings and attitudes is a good part of the reason that a work of this kind lies so sourly on the reader's consciousness, while stories like those of Giovanni Verga leave him with an enriched and mellowed awareness. It is not the subject matter. In both cases, communities with the most oppressive social circumstances are dealt with; and the mood of most of Verga's stories is certainly one of tragedy. Nor is it because Mr. Paton is more concerned about human agony. But he lacks the wisdom which conceives specific situations, no matter how fearful, as indissolubly a part of the integral fullness of life. He shrieks and presses his mood upon the reader, and he is not able to create characters

who live the drama he would present out of their own inner being. They exist only as wooden dolls.

THE ability to absorb intense experience and place it against a wider background than one's self not only differentiates good fiction from bad, but is also a valid criterion for other kinds of writing. It is this which distinguishes **Nothing Is Quite Enough** by Gary MacEoin (Holt, \$3.50) from a number of similar autobiographical works which have appeared in recent years. Mr. MacEoin, who is now a lawyer, editor and writer living in New York, entered a Redemptorist monastery in Ireland at the age of 18 and spent the next seven years in arduous preparation for the priesthood. Six days before he was to be ordained, he was informed by his superiors that he was unsuited for that vocation.

No reason was ever given to him, despite his efforts and his appeals to high ecclesiastical authority. At the age of 25 he went out into the world to make a new life for himself. The intense personal suffering he underwent has only strengthened his faith. The sharp contrasts of his experience have produced an extraordinarily balanced individual.

Only the end of this book is devoted to a brief account of his life after he left the monastery. Most of it is the story of his spiritual, intellectual and personal development during the years of his training, told with rare honesty and perception.

It is to be hoped that he will some day write more fully of the years of his adjustment to the outside world. Buttressed by the breadth and dignity of his faith, detached as he in some ways is because of his earlier experience, but inspired by a warm sympathy for the human beings around him, he sees the world with freshness and writes of it with distinctive quality.

In Brief

A number of excellent books have been published currently which throw light upon the background and history of areas which are focal points of crisis today. René Grousset's **The Rise and Splendour of the Chinese Empire** (California, \$6.00) has long been the best one-volume history of China. This first edition in English is capably translated from the French and is beautifully illustrated. **China's Gentry** by Hsiao-Tung Fei (Chicago, \$5.75) gives an able and subtle picture of the social relations and of the values by which men lived in the Chinese countryside in pre-revolutionary days. It is marred only by a tendentious introduction by Robert Redfield, replete with the stock-in-trade dogmas of the I.P.R. school of Far Eastern experts.

The Legacy of Persia, edited by A. J. Arberry (Oxford, \$5.50), the latest of the *Legacy* series, maintains the high standards set by its predecessors. It is an admirable survey of the civilization of Persia in the

3,000 years of its development. In a series of essays by leading Iranian authorities, it covers the history, art, religion, language and literature of the various epochs of Persian history, and concludes with a consideration of the interrelationships between Persia and the West.

Michael T. Florinsky's **Russia** (Macmillan, \$15.00), a thorough two-volume history of that country from the earliest records to the Revolution of 1917, is a mine of information. Since, however, he belongs, as he says himself, to the school of historians who see no pattern in history, it will serve perhaps better as a reference book than for reading as a continuous narrative.

The particular form which Communism has taken under Russian leadership is unquestionably influenced by Russian history. **The Impact of Russian Culture on Soviet Communism** by Dinko Tomasic (Free Press, \$4.50) from its title promises to be an illuminating study of this influence. Unfortunately, the book bogs down so deeply in the morass of categories acceptable in contemporary sociological circles as to throw little light on the subject.

Stephen King-Hall's **The Communist Conspiracy** (Macmillan, \$3.00) makes no pretense at depth of interpretation, but it is an excellent and extremely well-documented exposure of the international Communist conspiracy led by the Kremlin. A brief but very serviceable bibliography adds to its value.

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